

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 916.—21 December, 1861.

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SECEDING VIRGINIA.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Ho ! mistress of the rolling James,
 And of its mountain strand,
 The oldest, noblest, proudest one,
 Of all our household band ;
 Thou of the stately form and step,
 The flower-encircled hair,
 Prime favorite of the fruitful earth,
 And of the balmy air ;
 Thou who didst hold thy cresset forth
 Ere early dawn had fled,
 The morning star whose lambent ray
 Our constellation led,
 Yet when a comet madly rushed
 Across the argent plain,
 Why didst thou leave thy heaven-marked sphere,
 And join its flaming train ?
 We loved thee well, Virginia !
 And gave thee deferent place,
 Pleased with thine ancient dignity,
 And native, peerless grace,
 And little deemed such sudden blight
 Would settle on thy bays,
 And change to discord and disgust
 Our gratulating praise ;
 For thou hadst given thy great and good
 Our helm of state to guide ;
 Thy Palinurus steered our barque
 Safe through the seething tide ;
 And when we spake of Washington
 With grateful, reverent tone
 We called thine image forth, and blent
 Thy memory with his own.
 Our mother nursed thee at her breast,
 When she herself was young ;
 And thou shouldst still have succored her,
 Though fiery serpents stung ;
 Virginia Dare, the first-born bud
 Of the true Saxon vine,
 And old Powhatan, hoary chief
 Who led the warrior-line ;
 And brave John Smith, the very soul
 Of chivalry and pride,
 And Pocahontas, princess pure,
 The font of Christ beside,—
 Dreamed *they* that thou wouldst start aside,
 When treachery's tocsin rang ?
 And in her heaving bosom fix
 Thy matricidal fang ?
 Thou shouldst around her fourscore years
 Have bent with hovering care,
 Who steadfast at thy cradle watched,
 And poured her ardent prayer ;
 Thou shouldst not to her banded foes
 Have lent thy ready ear,
 Nor seen them desolate her joys
 Without a filial tear ;
 Though all beside her banner fold
 Had trampled down and rent,
 Thou shouldst have propped its shattered staff
 With loyalty unspent ;
 Though all beside had recreant proved,
 Thou shouldst have stood to aid ;
 Like Abdiel, dreadless seraph,
 Alone, yet undismayed.
 Who sleepeth at Mount Vernon,
 In the glory of his fame ?

Yet, go in silent infamy,
 Nor dare pronounce his name ;
 For thou hast of their sacred force,
 His farewell counsels reft,
 And helped to scatter to the winds
 The rich bequest he left ;
 And in the darkest trial hour,
 Forsook the endangered side ;
 And, ere the cock crew thrice, thy true
 Discipleship denied.
 Oh ! that the pitying Prince of Peace
 On thee his glance might bend,
 And, from remediless remorse,
 Preserve our long-loved friend !
 Hartford, Conn., 21 May, 1861.

—*National Intelligencer.*

KNITTING SOCKS.

CLICK, click, click ! how the needles go
 Through the busy fingers, to and fro—
 With no bright colors of Berlin wool
 Delicate hands to-day are full ;
 Only a yarn of deep, dull blue,
 Socks for the feet of the brave and true.
 Yet click, click, how the needles go,
 'Tis a power within that nerves them so !
 In the sunny hours of the bright spring day,
 And still in the night-time far away,
 Maiden, mother, and grandame sit
 Earnest and thoughtful while they knit.
 Many the silent prayer they pray,
 Many the teardrops brushed away,
 While busy on the needles go,
 Widen and narrow, heel and toe.
 The grandame thinks with a thrill of pride
 How her mother knit and spun beside
 For that patriot band in olden days
 Who died the " Stars and Stripes " to raise—
 Now she in turn knits for the brave
 Who'd die that glorious flag to save.
 She is glad, she says, " the boys " have gone,
 'Tis just as their grandfathers would have done ;
 But she heaves a sigh and the tears will start,
 For " the boys " were the pride of grandame's
 heart.
 The mother's look is calm and high,
 God only hears her soul's deep cry—
 In Freedom's name, at Freedom's call,
 She gave her sons—in them her all.
 The maiden's cheek wears a paler shade,
 But the light in her eye is undismayed.
 Faith and hope give strength to her sight,
 She sees a red dawn after the night.
 O soldiers brave, will it brighten the day,
 And shorten the march on the weary way,
 To know that at home the loving and true
 Are knitting and hoping and praying for you ?
 Soft are their voices when speaking your name,
 Proud are their glories when hearing your fame,
 And the gladdest hour in their lives will be
 When they greet you after the victory.

—*Transcript.*

From Fraser's Magazine.
CONCERNING PEOPLE WHO CARRIED
WEIGHT IN LIFE.

WITH SOME THOUGHTS ON THOSE WHO
NEVER HAD A CHANCE.

You drive out, let us suppose upon a certain day. To your surprise and mortification, your horse, usually lively and frisky, is quite dull and sluggish. He does not get over the ground as he is wont to do. The slightest touch of whip-cord, on other days, suffices to make him dart forward with redoubled speed; but upon this day, after two or three miles, he needs positive whipping, and he runs very sulkily with it all. By and by, his coat, usually smooth and glossy and dry through all reasonable work, begins to stream like a water-cart. This will not do. There is something wrong. You investigate; and you discover that your horse's work, though seemingly the same as usual, is in fact immensely greater. The blockheads who oiled your wheels yesterday have screwed up your patent axles too tightly; the friction is enormous; the hotter the metal gets, the greater grows the friction; your horse's work is quadrupled. You drive slowly home; and severely upbraid the blockheads.

There are many people who have to go through life at an analogous disadvantage. There is something in their constitution of body or mind, there is something in their circumstances, which adds incalculably to the exertion they must go through to attain their ends, and which holds them back from doing what they might otherwise have done. Very probably, that malign something exerted its influence unperceived by those around them. They did not get credit for the struggle they were making. No one knew what a brave fight they were making with a broken right arm; no one remarked that they were running the race, and keeping a fair place in it, too, with their legs tied together. All they do, they do at a disadvantage. It is as when a noble race-horse is beaten by a sorry hack; because the race-horse, as you might see if you look at the list, is carrying twelve pounds additional. But such men, by a desperate effort, often made silently and sorrowfully, may—so to speak—run in the race, and do well in it; though you little think with how heavy a foot and how heavy a heart. There are others who have no chance at all. *They* are like a horse set to run a race, tied by a

strong rope to a tree, or weighted with ten tons of extra burden. *That* horse cannot run, even poorly. The difference between their case and that of the men who are placed at a disadvantage, is like the difference between setting a very near-sighted man to keep a sharp look-out, and setting a man who is quite blind to keep that sharp look-out. Many can do the work of life with difficulty; some cannot do it at all. In short, there are PEOPLE WHO CARRY WEIGHT IN LIFE; and there are some WHO NEVER HAVE A CHANCE.

And you, my friend, who are doing the work of life well and creditably; you who are running in the front rank, and likely to do so to the end, think kindly and charitably of those who have broken down in the race. Think kindly of him who, sadly overweighted, is struggling onwards away half a mile behind you; think more kindly yet, if that be possible, of him who, tethered to a ton of granite, is struggling hard and making no way at all; or who has even sat down and given up the struggle in dumb despair. You feel, I know, the weakness in yourself which would have made you break down if sorely tried like others. You know there is in your armor the unprotected place at which a well-aimed or a random blow would have gone home and brought you down. Yes, you are nearing the winning-post, and you are among the first; but six pounds more on your back, and you might have been nowhere. You feel, by your weak heart and weary frame, that if you had been sent to the Crimea in that dreadful first winter, you would certainly have died. And you feel, too, by your lack of moral stamina, by your feebleness of resolution, that it has been your preservation from you know not what depths of shame and misery, that you never were pressed very hard by temptation. Do not range yourself with those who found fault with a certain great and good Teacher of former days, because he went to be guest with a man that was a sinner. As if he could have gone to be guest with any man who was not.

There is no reckoning up the manifold *impedimenta* by which human beings are weighted for the race of life; but all may be classified under the two heads of unfavorable influences arising out of the mental or physical nature of the human beings themselves, and unfavourable

avorable influences arising out of the circumstances in which the human beings are placed. You have known men who, setting out from a very humble position, have attained to a respectable standing; but who would have reached a very much higher place but for their being weighted with a vulgar, violent, wrong-headed, and rude-spoken wife. You have known men of lowly origin, who had in them the makings of gentlemen; but whom this single malign influence has condemned to coarse manners and a dirty, repulsive home, for life. You have known many men whose powers are crippled and their nature soured by poverty; by the heavy necessity for calculating how far each shilling will go; by a certain sense of degradation that comes of sordid shifts. How can a poor parson write an eloquent or spirited sermon, when his mind all the while is running upon the thought how he is to pay the baker, or how he is to get shoes for his children? It will be but a dull discourse which, under that weight, will be produced even by a man who, favorably placed, could have done very considerable things. It is only a great genius here and there, who can do great things, who can do his best, no matter at what disadvantage he may be placed; the great mass of ordinary men can make little headway with wind and tide dead against them. Not many trees would grow well, if watered daily—let us say—with vitriol. Yet a tree which would speedily die under that nurture, might do very fairly, even might do magnificently, if it had fair play, if it got its chance of common sunshine and shower. Some men, indeed, though always hampered by circumstances, have accomplished much; but then you cannot help thinking how much more they might have accomplished had they been placed more happily. Pugin, the great Gothic architect, designed various noble buildings; but I believe he complained that he never had fair play with his finest; that he was always weighted by considerations of expense, or by the nature of the ground he had to build on, or by the number of people it was essential the building should accommodate. And so he regarded his noblest edifices as no more than hints of what he could have done. He made grand running in the race; but oh, what running he could have made if you had taken off those twelve additional pounds! I dare say you have known men who labored to

make a pretty country house on a site which had some one great drawback. They were always battling with that drawback, and trying to conquer it; but they never could quite succeed. And it remained a real worry and vexation. Their house was on the north side of a high hill, and never could have its due share of sunshine. Or you could not reach it but by climbing a very steep ascent; or you could not in any way get water into the landscape. When Sir Walter was at length able to call his own a little estate on the banks of the Tweed he loved so well, it was the ugliest, bleakest, and least interesting spot upon the course of that beautiful river; and the public road ran within a few yards of his door. The noble-hearted man made a charming dwelling at last; but he was fighting against nature in the matter of the landscape round it; and you can see yet, many a year after he left it, the poor little trees of his beloved plantations, contrasting with the magnificent timber of various grand old places above and below Abbotsford. There is something sadder in the sight of men who carried weight within themselves; and who, in aiming at usefulness or at happiness, were hampered and held back by their own nature. There are men who are weighted with a hasty temper; weighted with a nervous, anxious constitution; weighted with an envious, jealous disposition; weighted with a strong tendency to evil speaking, lying, and slandering; weighted with a grumbling, sour, discontented spirit; weighted with a disposition to vamping and boasting; weighted with a great want of common sense; weighted with an undue regard to what other people may be thinking or saying of them; weighted with many like things of which more will be said by and by. When that good missionary, Henry Martyn, was in India, he was weighted with an irresistible drowsiness. He could hardly keep himself awake. And it must have been a burning earnestness that impelled him to ceaseless labor, in the presence of such a drag-weight as that. I am not thinking or saying, my friend, that it is wholly bad for us to carry weight; that great good may not come of the abatement of our power and spirit which may be made by that weight. I remember a greater missionary than even the sainted Martyn, to whom the Wisest and Kindest appointed that he should carry weight, and

that he should fight at a sad disadvantage. And the greater missionary tells us that he knew why that weight was appointed him to carry; and that he felt he needed it all to save him from a strong tendency to undue self-conceit. No one knows, now, what the burden was which he bore; but it was heavy and painful; it was "a thorn in the flesh;" three times he earnestly asked that it might be taken away; but the answer he got implied that he needed it yet; and that his Master thought it a better plan to strengthen the back, than to lighten the burden. Yes, the blessed Redeemer appointed that St. Paul should carry weight in life; and I think, friendly reader, that we shall believe that it is wisely and kindly meant, if the like should come to you and me.

We all understand what is meant when we hear it said that a man is doing very well, or has done very well, *considering*. I do not know whether it is a Scotticism to stop short at that point of the sentence. We do it constantly, in this country: the sentence would be completed by saying, *considering the weight he has to carry, or the disadvantage at which he works*. And things which are *very good, considering*, may range very far up and down the scale of actual merit. A thing which is *very good, considering*, may be very bad, or may be tolerably good. It never can be absolutely very good; for, if it were, you would cease to use the word *considering*. A thing which is absolutely very good, if it have been done under extremely unfavorable circumstances, would not be described as *very good, considering*; it would be described as *quite wonderful, considering*, or as *miraculous, considering*. And it is curious how people take a pride in accumulating unfavorable circumstances, that they may overcome them, and gain the glory of having overcome them. Thus, if a man wishes to sign his name, he might write the letters with his right hand; and though he write them very clearly and well and rapidly, nobody would think of giving him any credit. But if he write his name rather badly with his left hand, people would say it was a remarkable signature, *considering*. And if he wrote his name very ill indeed, with his foot, people would say the writing was quite wonderful, *considering*. If a man desire to walk from one end of a long building to the other, he might do so by walking

along the floor; and though he did so steadily, swiftly, and gracefully, no one would remark that he had done anything worth notice. But if he choose for his path a thick rope, extended from one end of the building to the other, at a height of a hundred feet; and if he walk rather slowly and awkwardly along it, he will be esteemed as having done something very extraordinary; while if, in addition to this, he is blindfolded, and has his feet placed in large baskets instead of shoes, he will, in any way he can get over the distance between the ends of the building, be held as one of the most remarkable men of the age. Yes, load yourself with weight which no one asks you to carry: accumulate disadvantages which you need not face unless you choose: then carry the weight in any fashion, and overcome the disadvantages in any fashion, and you are a great man, *considering*: that is, *considering the disadvantages and the weight*. Let this be remembered: if a man is so placed that he cannot do his work except in the face of special difficulties, then let him be praised if he vanquish these in some decent measure, and if he do his work tolerably well. But a man deserves no praise at all for work which he has done tolerably or done rather badly, because he chose to do it under disadvantageous circumstances, under which there was no earthly call upon him to do it. In this case he probably is a self-conceited man, or a man of wrong-headed independence of disposition; and in this case, if his work be bad absolutely, don't tell him that it is good, *considering*. Refuse to consider. He has no right to expect that you should. There was a man who built a house entirely with his own hands. He had never learned either mason work or carpentry: he could quite well have afforded to pay skilled workmen to do the work he wanted; but he did not choose to do so. He did the whole work himself. The house was finished: its aspect was peculiar. The walls were off the perpendicular considerably, and the windows were singular in shape, the doors fitted badly, and the floors were far from level. In short, it was a very bad and awkward-looking house; but it was a wonderful house, *considering*. And people said that it was so, who saw nothing wonderful in the beautiful house next it, perfect in symmetry and finish and

comfort, but built by men whose business it was to build. Now I should have declined to admire that odd house, or to express the least sympathy with its builder. He chose to run with a needless hundred-weight on his back: he chose to walk in baskets instead of in shoes. And if, in consequence of his own perversity, he did his work badly, I should have refused to recognize it as anything but bad work. It was quite different with Robinson Crusoe, who made his dwelling and his furniture for himself, because there was no one else to make them for him. I dare say his cave was anything but exactly square; and his chairs and table were cumbersome enough; but they were wonderful, considering certain facts which he was quite entitled to expect us to consider. Southey's *Cottonian Library* was all quite right; and you would have said that the books were very nicely bound, considering; for Southey could not afford to pay the regular binder's charges; and it was better that his books should be done up in cotton of various hues by the members of his own family, than that they should remain not bound at all. You will think, too, of the poor old parson who wrote a book which he thought of great value, but which no publisher would bring out. He was determined that all his labor should not be lost to posterity. So he bought types and a printing-press, and printed his precious work, poor man: he and his manservant did it all. It made a great many volumes; and the task took up many years. Then he bound the volumes with his own hands; and carrying them to London, he placed a copy of his work in each of the public libraries. I dare say he might have saved himself his labor. How many of my readers could tell what was the title of the work, or what was the name of its author? Still, *there* was a man who accomplished his design, in the face of every disadvantage.

There is a great point of difference between our feeling towards the human being who runs his race much overweighted, and our feeling towards the inferior animal that does the like. If you saw a poor horse gamely struggling in a race, with a weight of a ton extra, you would pity it. Your sympathies would all be with the creature that was making the best of unfavorable circumstances. But it is a sorrowful fact, that the drag-

weight of human beings not unfrequently consists of things which make us angry rather than sympathetic. You have seen a man carrying heavy weight in life, perhaps in the form of inveterate wrong-headedness and suspiciousness; but instead of pitying him, our impulse would rather be to beat him upon that perverted head. We pity physical malformation or unhealthiness; but our bent is to be angry with intellectual and moral malformation or unhealthiness. We feel for the deformed man, who must struggle on at that sad disadvantage; feeling it, too, much more acutely than you would readily believe. But we have only indignation for the man weighted with far worse things; and things which, in some cases at least, he can just as little help. You have known men whose extra pounds, or even extra ton, was a hasty temper, flying out of a sudden into ungovernable bursts: or a moral cowardice leading to trickery and falsehood: or a special disposition to envy and evil-speaking: or a very strong tendency to morbid complaining about his misfortunes and troubles: or an invincible bent to be always talking of his sufferings through the derangement of his digestive organs. Now, you grow angry at these things. You cannot stand them. And there is a substratum of truth to that angry feeling. A man *can* form his mind more than he can form his body. If a man be well made, physically, he will, in ordinary cases, remain so: but he may, in a moral sense, raise a great hunchback where nature made none. He may foster a malignant temper, a grumbling, fretful spirit, which by manful resistance might be much abated, if not quite put down. But still, there should often be pity, where we are prone only to blame. We find a person in whom a truly disgusting character has been formed: well, if you knew all, you would know that the person had hardly a chance of being otherwise: the man could not help it. You have known people who were awfully unamiable and repulsive: you may have been told how very different they once were,—sweet-tempered and cheerful. And surely, the change is a far sadder one than that which has passed upon the wrinkled old woman, who was once—as you are told—the loveliest girl of her time. Yet many a one who will look with interest upon the withered face and the dimmed eyes, and

try to trace in them the vestiges of radiant beauty gone, will never think of puzzling out in violent spurts of petulance the perversion of a quick and kind heart; or in curious oddities and pettinesses the result of long and lonely years of toil in which no one sympathized; or in cynical bitterness and misanthropy, an old disappointment never got over. There is a hard knot in the wood, where a green young branch was lopped away. I have a great pity for old bachelors. Those I have known have for the most part been old fools. But the more foolish and absurd they are, the more pity is due to them. I believe there is something to be said for even the most unamiable creatures. The shark is an unamiable creature. It is voracious. It will snap a man in two. Yet it is not unworthy of sympathy. Its organization is such that it is always suffering the most ravenous hunger. You can hardly imagine the state of intolerable famine in which that unhappy animal roams the ocean. People talk of its awful teeth and its vindictive eye. I suppose it is well ascertained that the extremity of physical want, as reached on rafts at sea, has driven human beings to deeds as barbarous as ever shark was accused of. The worse a human being is, the more he deserves our pity. Hang him, if *that* be needful for the welfare of society; but pity him even as you hang. Many a poor creature has gradually become hardened and inveterate in guilt, who would have shuddered at first had the excess of it ultimately reached been at first presented to view. But the precipice was sloped off: the descent was made step by step. And there is many a human being who never had a chance of being good: many who have been trained, and even compelled, to evil from very infancy. Who that knows anything of our great cities, but knows how the poor little child, the toddling innocent, is sometimes sent out day by day to steal; and received in his wretched home with blows and curses if he fail to bring back enough: who has not heard of such poor little things, unsuccessful in their sorry work, sleeping all night in some wintry stair, because they durst not venture back to their drunken, miserable, desperate parents? I could tell things at which angels might shed tears, with much better reason for doing so than seems to me to exist in some of those more

imposing occasions on which bombastic writers are wont to describe them as weeping. Ah, there is One who knows where the responsibility for all this rests! Not wholly with the wretched parents: far from *that*. *They*, too, have gone through the like: they had as little chance as their children. *They* deserve our deepest pity too. Perhaps the deeper pity is not due to the shivering, starving child, with the bitter wind cutting through its thin rags, and its blue feet on the frozen pavement, holding out a hand that is like the claw of some beast, but rather to the brutalized mother who could thus send out the infant she bore. Surely, the mother's condition, if we look at the case aright, is the more deplorable. Would not you, my reader, rather endure any degree of cold and hunger than come to this! Doubtless, there is blame somewhere that such things should be: but we all know that the blame of the most miserable practical evils and failures can hardly be traced to particular individuals. It is through the incapacity of scores of public servants that an army is starved. It is through the fault of millions of people that our great towns are what they are; and it must be confessed that the actual responsibility is spread so thinly over so great a surface, that it is hard to say it rests very blackly upon any one spot. Oh, that we could but know whom to hang, when we find some flagrant, crying evil! Unluckily, hasty people are ready to be content if they can but hang anybody, without minding much whether that individual be more to blame than many beside. Laws and kings have something to do here: but management and foresight on the part of the poorer classes have a great deal more to do. And no laws can make many persons managing or provident. I do not hesitate to say, from what I have myself seen of the poor, that the same short-sighted extravagance, the same recklessness of consequences, which are frequently found in them, would cause quite as much misery if they prevailed in a like degree among people with a thousand a year. But it seems as if only tolerably well-to-do people have the heart to be provident and self-denying. A man with a few hundreds annually does not marry unless he thinks he can afford it: but the workman with fifteen shillings a week is profoundly indifferent to any such calculation.

I firmly believe that the sternest of all self-denial is that practised by those who, when we divide mankind into rich and poor, must be classed—I suppose—with the rich. But I turn away from a miserable subject, through which I cannot see my way clearly, and on which I cannot think but with unutterable pain. It is an easy way of cutting the knot to declare that the rich are the cause of all the sufferings of the poor; but when we look at the case in all its bearings, we shall see that *that* is rank nonsense. And on the other hand, it is unquestionable that the rich are bound to do something. But what? I should feel deeply indebted to any one who would write out, in a few short and intelligible sentences, the practical results that are aimed at in the *Song of the Shirt*. The misery and evil are manifest: but tell us whom to hang; tell us what to do!

One heavy burden with which many men are weighted for the race of life, is depression of spirits. I wonder whether this used to be as common in former days as it is now. There was, indeed, the man in Homer, who walked by the seashore in a very gloomy mood; but his case seems to have been thought remarkable. What is it in our modern mode of life, and our infinity of cares; what little thing is it about the matter of the brain, or the flow of the blood, that makes the difference between buoyant cheerfulness and deep depression? I begin to think that almost all educated people, and especially all whose work is mental rather than physical, suffer more or less from this indescribable gloom. And although a certain amount of sentimental sadness may possibly help the poet, or the imaginative writer, to produce material which may be very attractive to the young and inexperienced, I suppose it will be admitted by all that cheerfulness and hopefulness are noble and healthful stimulants to worthy effort, and that depression of spirits does—so to speak—cut the sinews with which the average man must do the work of life. You know how lightly the buoyant heart carries people through entanglements and labors under which the desponding would break down, or which they never would face. Yet, in thinking of the commonness of depressed spirits, even where the mind is otherwise very free from anything morbid, we should remember that there

is a strong temptation to believe that this depression is more common and more prevalent than it truly is. Sometimes there is a gloom which overcasts all life, like that in which James Watt lived and worked, and served his race so nobly; like that from which the gentle, amiable poet, James Montgomery, suffered through his whole career. But in ordinary cases the gloom is temporary and transient. Even the most depressed are not always so. Like, we know, suggests like powerfully. If you are placed in some peculiar conjuncture of circumstances, or if you pass through some remarkable scene, the present scene or conjuncture will call up before you in a way that startles you, something like itself which you had long forgotten, and which you would never have remembered but for this touch of some mysterious spring. And accordingly, a man depressed in spirits thinks that he is always so, or at least fancies that such depression has given the color to his life in a very much greater degree than it actually has done so. For this dark season wakens up the remembrance of many similar dark seasons which in more cheerful days are quite forgot, and these cheerful days drop out of memory for the time. Hearing such a man speak, if he speak out his heart to you, you think him inconsistent, perhaps you think him insincere. You think he is saying more than he truly feels. It is not so; he feels and believes it all at the time. But he is taking a one-sided view of things; he is undergoing the misery of it acutely for the time: by and by, he will see things from quite a different point. A very eminent man—there can be no harm in referring to a case which he himself made so public—wrote and published something about his *miserable home*. He was quite sincere, I do not doubt. He thought so at the time. He was miserable just then; and so, looking back on past years, he could see nothing but misery. But the case was not really so, one could feel sure. There had been a vast deal of enjoyment about his home and his lot; it was forgotten, then. A man in very low spirits, reading over his diary, somehow lights upon and dwells upon all the sad and wounding things; he involuntarily skips the rest, or reads them with but faint perception of their meaning. In reading the very Bible, he does the like thing. He chances upon that

which is in unison with his present mood. I think there is no respect in which this great law of the association of ideas holds more strictly true, than in the power of a present state of mind, or a present state of outward circumstances, to bring up vividly before us all such states in our past history. We are depressed, we are worried; and when we look back, all our departed days of worry and depression appear to start up and press themselves upon our view to the exclusion of anything else; so that we are ready to think that we have never been otherwise than depressed and worried all our life. But when more cheerful times come, they suggest only such times of cheerfulness, and no effort will bring back the depression vividly as when we felt it. It is not selfishness or heartlessness, it is the result of an inevitable law of mind, that people in happy circumstances should resolutely believe that it is a happy world after all; for looking back, and looking around, the mind refuses to take distinct note of anything that is not somewhat akin to its present state. And so, if any ordinary man, who is not a distempered genius or a great fool, tells you that he is always miserable, don't believe him. He feels so now, but he does not always feel so. There are periods of brightening in the darkest lot. Very, very few live in unvarying gloom. Not but what there is something very pitiful (by which I mean deserving of pity) in what may be termed the Micawber style of mind; in the stage of hysteric oscillations between joy and misery. Thoughtless readers of *David Copperfield* laugh at Mr. Micawber, and his rapid passages from the depth of despair to the summit of happiness, and back again. But if you have seen or experienced that morbid condition, you would know that there is more reason to mourn over it than to laugh at it. There is acute misery felt now and then; and there is a pervading, never-departing sense of the hollowness of the morbid mirth. It is but a very few degrees better than "moody madness, laughing wild, amid severest woe." By depression of spirits, I understand a dejection without any cause that could be stated, or from causes which in a healthy mind would produce no such degree of dejection. No doubt many men can remember seasons of dejection which was not imaginary, and of anxiety and misery whose causes were only too real. You

can remember, perhaps, the dark time in which you knew quite well what it was that made it so dark. Well, better days have come. That sorrowful, wearing time, which exhausted the springs of life faster than ordinary living would have done, which aged you in heart and frame before your day, dragged over, and it is gone. You carried heavy weight, indeed, while it lasted. It was but poor running you made, poor work you did, with that feeble, anxious, disappointed, miserable heart. And you would many a time have been thankful to creep into a quiet grave. Perhaps that season did you good. Perhaps it was the discipline you needed. Perhaps it took out your self-conceit, and made you humble. Perhaps it disposed you to feel for the grief and cares of others, and made you sympathetic. Perhaps, looking back now, you can discern the end it served. And now that it has done its work, and that it only stings you when you look back, let that time be quite forgotten!

There are men, and very clever men, who do the work of life at a disadvantage, through *this*, that their mind is a machine fitted for doing well only one kind of work; or that their mind is a machine which, though doing many things well, does some one thing, perhaps a conspicuous thing, very poorly. You find it hard to give a man credit for being possessed of sense and talent, if you hear him make a speech at a public dinner, which speech approaches the idiotic for its silliness and confusion. And the vulgar mind readily concludes that he who does one thing extremely ill, can do nothing well; and that he who is ignorant on one point, is ignorant on all. A friend of mine, a country parson, on first going to his parish, resolved to farm his glebe for himself. A neighboring farmer kindly offered the parson to plow one of his fields. The farmer said that he would send his man John with a plow and a pair of horses, on a certain day. "If ye're goin about," said the farmer to the clergyman, "John will be unco' weel pleased if you speak to him, and say it's a fine day, or the like o' that; but dinna," said the farmer, with much solemnity, "dinna say anything to him about plowin' and sawin'; for John," he added, "is a stupid body, but he has been plowin' and sawin' all his life, and he'll see in a minute that ye ken naething about plowin' and saw-

in'. And then," said the sagacious old farmer, with extreme earnestness, "if he comes to think that ye ken naething aboot plowin' and sawin', he'll think that ye ken naething aboot onything!" Yes, it is natural to us all to think that if the machine breaks down at that work in which we are competent to test it, then the machine cannot do any work at all.

If you have a strong current of water, you may turn it into any channel you please, and make it do any work you please. With equal energy and success it will flow north or south; it will turn a corn-mill, or a threshing-machine, or a grindstone. Many people live under a vague impression that the human mind is like that. They think—Here is so much ability, so much energy, which may be turned in any direction, and made to do any work; and they are surprised to find that the power, available and great for one kind of work, is worth nothing for another. A man very clever at one thing, is positively weak and stupid at another thing. A very good judge may be a wretchedly bad joker; and he must go through his career at this disadvantage, that people, finding him silly at the thing they are able to estimate, find it hard to believe that he is not silly at everything. I know for myself that it would not be right that the premier should request me to look out for a suitable chancellor. I am not competent to appreciate the depth of a man's knowledge of equity; by which I do not mean justice, but chancery law. But though quite unable to understand how great a chancellor Lord Eldon was, I am quite able to estimate how great a poet he was; also how great a wit. Here is a poem by that eminent person. Doubtless he regarded it as a wonder of happy versification, as well as instinct with the most convulsing fun. It is intended to set out in a metrical form, the career of a certain judge, who went up as a poor lad from Scotland to England, but did well at the bar, and ultimately found his place upon the bench. Here is Lord Chancellor Eldon's humorous poem:—

"James Allan Parke
Came naked stark,
From Scotland:
But he got clothes,
Like other beaux,
In England!"

Now the fact that Lord Eldon wrote that poem, and valued it highly, would lead some

folk to suppose that Lord Eldon was next door to an idiot. And a good many other things which that chancellor did, such as his quotations from Scripture in the House of Commons, and his attempts to convince that assemblage—when attorney-general—that Napoleon I. was the Apocalyptic Beast or the Little Horn, certainly point towards the same conclusion. But the conclusion, as a general one, would be wrong. No doubt Lord Eldon was a wise and sagacious man as judge and statesman, though as wit and poet he was almost an idiot. So with other great men. It is easy to remember occasions on which great men have done very foolish things. There never was a truer hero nor a greater commander than Lord Nelson; but in some things he was merely an awkward, overgrown midshipman. But then, let us remember, that a locomotive engine, though excellent at running, would be a poor hand at flying. *That* is not its vocation. The engine will draw fifteen heavy carriages fifty miles in an hour; and *that* remains as a noble feat, even though it be ascertained that the engine could not jump over a brook which would be cleared easily by the veriest screw. We all see this. But many of us have a confused idea that a great and clever man is—so to speak—a locomotive that can fly; and when it is proved that he cannot fly, then we begin to doubt whether he can even run. We think he should be good at every thing, whether in his own line or not. And he is set at a disadvantage, particularly in the judgment of vulgar and stupid people, when it is clearly ascertained that at some things he is very inferior. I have heard of a very eminent preacher, who sunk considerably—even as regards his preaching—in the estimation of a certain family, because it appeared that he played very badly at bowls. And we all know that occasionally the premier already mentioned reverses the vulgar error, and in appointing men to great places, is guided by an axiom which amounts to just this: this locomotive can run well, therefore it will fly well. This man has filled a certain position well, therefore let us appoint him to a position entirely different; no doubt he will do well there too. Here is a clergyman who has edited certain Greek plays admirably: let us make him a bishop.

It may be remarked here, that the men

who have attained the greatest success in the race of life, have generally carried weight. *Nitor in adversum* might be the motto of many a man, besides Burke. It seems to be almost a general rule, that the raw material out of which the finest fabrics are made, should look very little like these, to start with. It was a stammerer, of uncommanding mien, who became the greatest orator of graceful Greece. I believe it is admitted that Chalmers was the most effective preacher, perhaps the most telling speaker, that Britain has seen for at least a century; yet his aspect was not dignified, his gestures were awkward, his voice was bad, and his accent frightful. He talked of an *opening* when he meant an *opening*; and he read out the text of one of his noblest sermons, "He that is fulthy, let him be fulthy stull." Yet who ever thought of these things, after hearing the good man for ten minutes? Ay, load Eclipse with what extra pounds you might, Eclipse would always be first! And, to descend to the race-horse, *he* had four white legs, white to the knees; and he ran more awkwardly than racer ever did, with his head between his fore legs, close to the ground, like a pig. Alexander, Napoleon, and Wellington, were all little men; in places where a commanding presence would have been of no small value. A most disagreeably affected manner has not prevented a barrister, with no special advantages, from rising with general approval to the highest places which a barrister can fill. A hideous little wretch has appeared for trial in a Criminal Court, having succeeded in marrying seven wives at once. A painful hesitation has not hindered a certain eminent person from being one of the principal speakers in the British Parliament, for many years. Yes, even disadvantages never overcome have not sufficed to hold in obscurity men who were at once able and fortunate. But sometimes the disadvantage was thoroughly overcome. Sometimes it served no other end than to draw to one point the attention and the efforts of a determined will; and that matter, in regard to which nature seemed to have said that a man should fall short, became the thing in which he attained unrivalled perfection.

A heavy drag-weight upon the powers of some men, is the uncertainty of their pow-

ers. The man has not his powers at command. His mind is a capricious thing, that works when it pleases, and will not work except when it pleases. I am not thinking now of what to many is a sad disadvantage; that nervous trepidation which cannot be reasoned away, and which often deprives them of the full use of their mental abilities just when they are most needed. It is a vast thing in a man's favor that, whatever he can do, he should be able to do at any time, and to do at once. For want of coolness of mind, and that readiness which generally goes with it, many a man cannot do himself justice; and in a deliberative assembly he may be entirely beaten by some flippant person who has all his money—so to speak—in his pocket, while the other must send to the bank for his. How many people can think next day, or even a few minutes after, of the precise thing they ought to have said, but which would not come at the time! But very frequently the thing is of no value, unless it come at the time when it is wanted. Coming next day, it is like the offer of a thick fur great-coat on a sweltering day in July. You look at the wrap, and say, Oh, if I could but have had you on the December night when I went to London by the limited mail, and was nearly starved to death! But it seems as if the mind must be, to a certain extent, capricious in its action. Caprice, or what looks like it, appears of necessity to go with complicated machinery, even material. The more complicated a machine is, the liker it grows to mind, in the matter of uncertainty and apparent caprice of action. The simplest machine—say a pipe for conveying water—will always act in precisely the same way. And two such pipes, if of the same dimensions, and subjected to the same pressure, will always convey the self-same quantities. But go to more advanced machines. Take two clocks, or two locomotive engines; and though these are made in all respects exactly alike, they will act—I can answer at least for the locomotive engines—quite differently. One locomotive will swallow a vast quantity of water at once; another must be fed by driblets; no one can say why. One engine is a *fac-simile* of the other; yet each has its character and its peculiarities, as truly as a man has. You need to know your engine's temper before driving it, just as much as you need to know

that of your horse, or that of your friend. I know, of course, there is a mechanical reason for this seeming caprice, if you could trace the reason. But not one man in a thousand could trace out the reason. And the phenomenon, as it presses itself upon us, really amounts to this: that very complicated machinery appears to have a will of its own; appears to exercise something of the nature of choice. But there is no machine so capricious as the human mind. The great poet who wrote those beautiful verses, could not do *that* every day. A good deal more of what he writes is poor enough; and many days he could not write at all. By long habit the mind may be made capable of being put in harness daily for the humbler task of producing prose; but you cannot say, when you harness it in the morning, how far or at what rate it will run that day.

Go and see a great organ, of which you have been told. Touch it, and you hear the noble tones at once. The organ can produce them at any time. But go and see a great man; touch *him*; that is, get him to begin to talk. You will be much disappointed if you expect, certainly, to hear anything like his book or his poem. A great man is not a man who is always saying great things; or who is always able to say great things. He is a man who, on a few occasions, has said great things; who, on the coming of a sufficient occasion, may possibly say great things again; but the staple of his talk is commonplace enough. Here is a point of difference from machinery, with all machinery's apparent caprice. You could not say, as you pointed to a steam-engine, The usual power of that engine is two hundred horses; but once or twice it has surprised us all by working up to two thousand. No; the engine is always of nearly the power of two thousand horses, if it ever is. But what we have been supposing as to the engine, is just what many men have done. Poe wrote *The Raven*; he was working then up to two thousand horse power. But he wrote abundance of poor stuff, working at about twenty-five. Read straight through the volumes of Wordsworth; and I think you will find traces of the engine having worked at many different powers, varying from twenty-five horses or less, up to two thousand or more. Go and hear a really great preacher when he is preaching in his

own church upon a common Sunday; and possibly you may hear a very ordinary sermon. I have heard Mr. Melvill preach very poorly. You must not expect to find people always at their best. It is a very unusual thing that even the ablest men should be like Burke, who could talk with an intelligent stranger for five minutes, without convincing the stranger that he had talked for five minutes with a great man. And it is an awful thing when some clever youth is introduced to some local poet who has been told how greatly the clever youth admires him; and what vast expectations the clever youth has formed of his conversation; and when the local celebrity makes a desperate effort to talk up to the expectations formed of him. I have witnessed such a scene; and I can sincerely say that I could not previously have believed that the local celebrity could have made such a fool of himself. He was resolved to show that he deserved his fame; and to show that the mind which had produced those lovely verses in the country newspaper, could not stoop to commonplace things.

Undue sensitiveness, and a too lowly estimate of their own powers, hang heavily upon some men; probably upon more men than one would imagine. I believe that many a man whom you would take to be ambitious, pushing, and self-complacent, is ever pressed with a sad conviction of inferiority, and wishes nothing more than quietly to slip through life. It would please and satisfy him if he could but be assured that he is just like other people. You may remember a touch of nature—that is, of some people's nature—in Burns; you remember the simple exultation of the peasant mother when her daughter gets a sweetheart: she is "well pleased to see *her* bairn respectit like the lave," that is, like the other girls round. And undue humility, perhaps even befitting humility, holds back sadly in the race of life. It is recorded that a weaver in a certain village in Scotland, was wont daily to offer a singular petition; he prayed daily and fervently for a better opinion of himself. Yes, a firm conviction of one's own importance is a great help in life. It gives dignity of bearing; it does—so to speak—lift the horse over many a fence at which one with a less confident heart would have

broken down. But the man who estimates himself and his place humbly and justly, will be ready to shrink aside, and let men of greater impudence and not greater desert step before him. I have often seen, with a sad heart, in the case of working-people, that manner, difficult to describe, which comes of being what we in Scotland sometimes call *sair hadden down*. I have seen the like in educated people too. And not very many will take the trouble to seek out and to draw out the modest merit that keeps itself in the shade. The energetic, successful people of this world are too busy in pushing each for himself, to have time to do *that*. You will find that people with abundant confidence, people who assume a good deal, are not unfrequently taken at their own estimate of themselves. I have seen a Queen's Counsel walk into court, after the case in which he was engaged had been conducted so far by his junior, and conducted as well as mortal could conduct it. But it was easy to see that the complacent air of superior strength with which the Queen's Counsel took the management out of his junior's hands, conveyed to the jury—a common jury—the belief that things were now to be managed in quite different and vastly better style. And have you not known such a thing as that a family, not a whit better, wealthier, or more respectable than all the rest in the little country town or the country parish, do yet, by carrying their heads higher,—no mortal could say why,—gradually elbow themselves into a place of admitted social superiority? Everybody knows exactly what they are, and from what they have sprung; but somehow, by resolute assumption, by a quiet air of being better than their neighbors, they draw ahead of them, and attain the glorious advantage of one step higher on the delicately graduated social ladder of the district. Now it is manifest that if such people had sense to see their true position, and the absurdity of their pretensions, they would assuredly not have gained that advantage, whatever it may be worth.

But sense and feeling are sometimes burdens in the race of life; that is, they sometimes hold a man back from grasping material advantages which he might have grasped had he not been prevented by the possession of a certain measure of common

sense and right feeling. I doubt not, my friend, that you have acquaintances who can do things which you could not do for your life, and who, by doing these things, push their way in life. They ask for what they want, and never let a chance go by them. And though they may meet many rebuffs, they sometimes make a successful venture. Impudence sometimes attains to a pitch of sublimity; and at that point it has produced a very great impression upon many men. The incapable person who started for a professorship, has sometimes got it. The man who, amid the derision of the county, published his address to the electors, has occasionally got into the House of Commons. The vulgar, half-educated preacher, who without any introduction asked a patron for a vacant living in the Church, has now and then got the living. And however unfit you may be for a place, and however discreditable may have been the means by which you got it, once you have actually held it for two or three years, people come to acquiesce in your holding it. They accept the fact that you are there, just as we accept the fact that any other evil exists in this world, without asking why, except on very special occasions. I believe, too, that in the matter of worldly preferment, there is too much fatalism in many good men. They have a vague trust that Providence will do more than it has promised. They are ready to think that if it is God's will that they are to gain such a prize, it will be sure to come their way without their pushing. That is a mistake. Suppose you apply the same reasoning to your dinner. Suppose you sit still in your study and say, "If I am to have dinner to-day, it will come without effort of mine; and if I am not to have dinner to-day, it will not come by any effort of mine; so here I sit still and do nothing." Is not *that* absurd? Yet that is what many a wise and good man practically says about the place in life which would suit him, and which would make him happy. Not Turks and Hindoos alone have a tendency to believe in their *Kismet*. It is human to believe in that. And we grasp at every event that seems to favor the belief. The other evening, in the twilight, I passed two respectable-looking women, who seemed like domestic servants; and I caught one sentence which one said to the other with great apparent faith. "You

see," she said, "if a thing's to come your way, it'll no gang by ye!" It was in a crowded street; but if it had been in my country parish where every one knew me, I should certainly have stopped the women, and told them that though what they said was quite true, I feared they were understanding it wrongly; and that the firm belief we all hold in God's Providence which reaches to all events, and in his sovereignty which orders all things, should be used to help us to be resigned, after we have done our best and failed; but should never be used as an excuse for not doing our best. When we have set our mind on any honest end, let us seek to compass it by every honest means; and if we fail after having used every honest means, then let us fall back on the comfortable belief that things are ordered by the Wisest and Kindest; then is the time for the *Fiat Voluntas Tua*.

You would not wish, my friend, to be deprived of common sense and of delicate feeling, even though you could be quite sure that once that drag-weight was taken off, you would spring forward to the van, and make such running in the race of life as you never made before. Still, you cannot help looking with a certain interest upon those people who, by the want of these hindering influences, are enabled to do things and say things which you never could. I have sometimes looked with no small curiosity upon the kind of man who will come uninvited, and without warning of his approach, to stay at another man's house; who will stay on, quite comfortable and unmoved, though seeing plainly he is not wanted: who will announce, on arriving, that his visit is to be for three days, and who will then, without further remark, and without invitation of any kind, remain for a month or six weeks; and all the while sit down to dinner every day with a perfectly easy and unembarrassed manner. You and I, my reader, would rather live on much less than sixpence a day than do all this. We *could not* do it. But some people not merely can do it, but can do it without any appearance of effort. Oh, if the people who are victimized by these horse-leeches of society could but gain a little of the thickness of skin which characterizes the horse-leeches, and bid them be off, and not return again till they are invited! To the same pachydermatous class belong

those individuals who will put all sorts of questions as to the private affairs of other people, but carefully shy off from any similar confidence as to their own affairs; also those individuals who borrow small sums of money and never repay them, but go on borrowing till the small sums amount to a good deal. To the same class may be referred the persons who lay themselves out for saying disagreeable things: the "candid friends" of Canning: the "people who speak their mind," who form such pests of society. To find fault is to right-feeling men a very painful thing; but some take to the work with avidity and delight. And while people of cultivation shrink, with a delicate intuition, from saying anything which may give pain or cause uneasiness to others, there are others who are ever painfully treading upon the moral corns of all around them. Sometimes this is done designedly, as by Mr. Snarling, who by long practice has attained the power of hinting and insinuating, in the course of a forenoon call, as many unpleasant things as may germinate into a crop of ill-temper and worries which shall make the house at which he called uncomfortable all that day. Sometimes it is done unawares, as by Mr. Boor, who, through pure ignorance and coarseness, is always bellowing out things which it is disagreeable to some one, or to several, to hear. Which was it, I wonder, Boor or Snarling, who once reached the dignity of the mitre; and who, at prayers in his house, uttered this supplication on behalf of a lady visitor who was kneeling beside him: "Bless our friend, Mrs. —: give her a little more common sense; and teach her to dress a little less like a tragedy queen than she does at present?"

But who shall reckon up the countless circumstances which lie like a depressing burden on the energies of men, and make them work at that disadvantage which we have thought of under the figure of *carrying weight in life*? There are men who carry weight in a damp, marshy neighborhood, who, amid the bracing mountain air, might have done things which now they will never do. There are men who carry weight in an uncomfortable house; in smoky chimneys; in a study with a dismal look-out; in distance from a railway station; in ten miles

between them and a bookseller's shop. Give another hundred a year of income, and the poor struggling parson who preaches dull sermons will astonish you by the talent he will exhibit when his mind is freed from the dismal depressing influence of ceaseless scheming to keep the wolf from the door. Let the poor little sick child grow strong and well, and with how much better heart will its father face the work of life! Let the clergyman, who preached, in a spiritless enough way, to a handful of uneducated rustics, be placed in a charge where weekly he has to address a large cultivated congregation; and with the new stimulus, latent powers may manifest themselves which no one fancied he possessed, and he may prove quite an eloquent and attractive preacher. A dull, quiet man, whom you esteemed as a blockhead, may suddenly be valued very differently when circumstances unexpectedly call out the solid qualities he possesses, unsuspected before. A man devoid of brilliancy, may on occasion show that he possesses great good sense; or that he has the power of sticking to his task, in spite of discouragement. Let a man be placed where dogged perseverance will stand him in stead, and you may see what he can do when he has but a chance. The especial weight which has held some men back—the thing which kept them from doing great things and attaining great fame—has been just this: that they were not able to say or to write what they have thought and felt. And indeed, a great poet is nothing more than the one man in a million who has the gift to express that which has been in the mind and heart of multitudes. If even the most commonplace of human beings could write all the poetry he has felt, he would produce something that would go straight to the hearts of many.

It is touching to witness the indications and vestiges of sweet and admirable things which have been subjected to a weight which has entirely crushed them down: things which would have come out into beauty and excellence if they had been allowed a chance. You may witness one of the saddest of all the losses of nature in various old maids. What kind hearts are there running to waste! What pure and gentle affections blossom to be blighted! I dare say you have heard a young lady of more than forty sing; and you have seen her eyes fill with tears at the pathos of a very commonplace verse. Have you not thought that there was the indication of a tender heart which might have made some good man happy; and, in doing so, made herself happy too? But it was not to be. Still, it is sad to think that sometimes upon cats and dogs there should be wasted the affection of a kindly human being! And you know, too, how often the fairest promise of human excellence is never suffered to come to fruit. You must look upon gravestones to find the names of those who promised to be the best and noblest specimens of the race. They died in early youth; perhaps in early childhood. Their pleasant faces, their singular words and ways, remain, not often talked of, in the memories of subdued parents, or of brothers and sisters now grown old, but never forgetting how *that* one of the family that was as the flower of the flock was the first to fade. It has been a proverbial saying, you know, even from heathen ages, that those whom the gods love die young. It is but an inferior order of human beings that makes the living succession to carry on the human race.

A. K. H. B.

In a western suburb of London a few persons have been admitted to witness a work of art in the coffin way. An artist-upholsterer having furnished an opera-box much to the satisfaction of the lady who gave the order, she further commissioned him to provide her with a "fourteenth-century coffin." A very superb article has been produced accordingly. The modern-antique is unexceptionable in form and adorn-

ment, including some gorgeous white satin in the interior, in which lies a large quantity of the same material which is to serve for a "wrapping-sheet" when the time for opera-boxes has altogether passed away. Meanwhile, it will do duty as an article of furniture; and as serving to illustrate a social trait of the present time, is not unworthy of having record made of it here.—*Athenæum*.

From All the Year Round.

IN AND OUT OF SCHOOL.

It is an old notion, and in the main a true one, that we do not often get original thought out of a man with an extensive memory. Memory comes of attention, and one cannot easily have the strength of an equal memory without the weakness of an equal disposition to attend to everything. I never am impressed with stories about Julius Cæsar and others, who were able to do half a dozen things at once—read a letter on one subject, hear a letter on another, write a letter on a third, and dictate a letter on a fourth, while they beat time with their feet to one tune, whistled another in the intervals of dictation, played a game of chess with the left hand, and took part by expressive grimaces in a theologic controversy, all during the odd minutes when they were being shaved and washed, and brushed and oiled, and put into their clothes. Very well I know that whenever Julius Cæsar had anything serious to attend to, he gave his entire mind to it, and, for the time being, had spare attention to bestow on nothing else.

Here is the whole history and mystery of the bad general memory of men who excel greatly in any one pursuit, by giving to it as far as the way of the world permits a whole and sole attention. With their busy minds attentive to their own work while their bodies are inactive, and while they may look like the very idlers, they withdraw so much attention from the odds and ends of talk and incident by which they are surrounded, that these never take a fair hold on the mind. The scholar's absence of mind is the absence of his mind from that which is not his affair, and the presence of it with his own proper work in life. To that only, he is able to give undivided and continuous attention. A diffuse and too universally ready memory is, therefore, no sign of intellectual strength; and even in children—as we commonly read that the man of genius was taken for a dunce at school—slowness of general apprehension may be the result of an earnestness that fastens with especial energy upon some chosen objects of attention.

From the first moment of a baby's "taking notice," to the fixed heavenward gaze from the death-bed, the power of attention

is as the very life-blood of our minds and souls. It is not a thing to be spilt idly, though the world is full of bores who are ready at every turn to bleed us of it with their little pins and fleams of talk. To nourish and strengthen it in childhood and youth, is to do for the mind what we do for the body by securing to its life-blood purity and fulness. It is not only that during early years of life the secret of successful teaching for good or for evil is the full securing of attention, but it is necessary that the youth should pass into manhood blessed in his mind with a *sound habit* of attention, if his intellectual life is not to be through manhood weak.

Of the truth of this old principle, which has been dwelt upon for many a year by the metaphysicians, practical evidence of the most striking kind has lately been brought together in a body of facts that would seem to many people very nearly incredible, if they were not fully supported by each other, and authenticated by the best of witnesses.

For, it is set forth, not as mere probability, but as a proved fact, that half a day is better than a whole day of school-teaching. If three hours instead of six be given daily to the schoolmaster, and be so managed that the pupil is physically and mentally able to give bright undivided attention to the whole of his work, he not only can learn absolutely as much as the child who is compelled through a six-hour routine; it is his further gain that what he knows he knows more literally "by heart," knows with a relish; while he is sent out into the world with a habit of close study, so assured that he hardly knows what it is to apply his mind with half attention to a duty.

The second half of the day, which now, being spent in the schoolroom spoils the whole, if it be devoted to gymnastics, drill, athletic sport, or—in the case of those who must work with their parents for the bread they eat—to labor in the house and field, can and does serve to train a sound body while helping to a fuller ripeness of the mind. We say, not theoretically that it would do, but practically, and from the wide experience of many, that it does this. Here, for example, is a heap of evidence.

Mr. William Stuckey, who is teaching eighty children at Richmond, and has worked for more than a quarter of a century in

schools of seven hundred, of a hundred and eighty, and of a hundred scholars, testifies that in his experience "two hours in the morning and one in the afternoon is about as long as a bright voluntary attention can be secured." Particular children could sustain attention longer, but they would be scarcely five per cent of the whole number taught. With efficient teaching of an interesting subject he has found that no one lesson could with advantage be pressed beyond half an hour. "The benefits," he says, "of enforced attention are small. With young children, of the average age attending British schools, if you get a quarter of an hour's attention, and having prolonged the lesson to half an hour, then recapitulate, you will find that the last quarter of an hour's teaching had nearly driven out what the first quarter of an hour put in." Mr. Imeson, who has been for eight-and-twenty years a teacher, and has taught children of all classes, is of the same opinion. Study, or the attempt at it, for seven hours a day, destroys, he says, the willing mind. Mr. Isaac Pugh, who has taught during thirty years of work about three thousand boys, says that with boys of the higher classes, attention has been kept on the stretch for two hours in the morning, and afterwards from the same class he might get an hour's positive attention in the afternoon, but even that could not be done day after day. Mr. Cawthorne, after twelve years' experience, agrees with Mr. Pugh; but considering his low estimate to refer to the silent working system, thinks that with a different system half an hour's additional attention might be got in the morning, and as much more in the afternoon. But it is not all equally good. Even with varied relief lessons, he says: "In the morning we find the last half-hour very wearying; in the afternoon, we find the first half-hour bright, the next half-hour less bright, and the last half-hour worse than useless." Mr. Donaldson, of Glasgow, who has for eight years taught in large schools, gives a table. He says:—

"My experience as to the length of time children closely and voluntarily attend to a lesson, is:—

Children of from 5 to 7 years of age, about	15 min.
" 7 to 10 "	20 "
" 10 to 12 "	25 "
" 12 to 16 or 18 "	30 "

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I have repeatedly obtained a bright voluntary attention from each of these classes for five, ten, or fifteen minutes more, but I observed it was always at the expense of the succeeding lesson; or, on fine days, when the forenoon's work was enthusiastically performed, it was at the expense of the afternoon's work. I find the girls generally attend better and longer than the boys, to lessons on grammar and composition; the boys better and longer than the girls, to geography, history, arithmetic, and lessons on science."

Mr. Bolton, head-master of a Half-Time Factory School at Bradford, where nearly five hundred children are now being taught, and who has had seven years' experience of the half-time system, after seven years' experience of full-time teaching, says that he finds the half-time scholars "more advanced. They come fresh from work to school, and they go fresh from school to work. I believe that the alteration is in both ways beneficial." To which Mr. Walkers, one of the firm in whose factory the same children are employed, adds his testimony that, "where I had to complain one hundred times thirty years ago, I now have scarcely to complain once." He is asked, "Do you find your commercial interest in the improvement?" and answers, "Most decidedly, notwithstanding that we spend a very large sum on the school every year." As the half-day's work brightens attention to the schooling, so the half-day's schooling, in its turn, brightens attention to the work.

Mr. Long, who is teaching in one large school both sorts of pupils, says that in his experience of six years, "the half-time or factory boys, give us a more fixed attention than the others; they seem to be more anxious to get on, and I believe that in general attainments they are quite equal to the full-time scholars." Mr. Curtis, after nineteen years of teaching in a large school at Rochdale where some hundreds are taught, rather more than half the number being half-timers, says: "the progress of the half-timers is greater in proportion than that of the full-timers," and that they are, from having begun early to work, preferred by gentlemen who give employment.

Mr. Davenport, a machine-maker, employing five or six hundred workpeople, gives indeed, as an employer, very emphatic testimony on this head. He says: "In my experience as an employer, the short-time

scholars are decidedly preferable to the full-time scholars, or those who have been exclusively occupied in book instruction. I find the boys who have had the half-time industrial training, who have been engaged by us as clerks or otherwise, better and more apt to business than those who have had only the usual school-teaching of persons of the middle class, and who came to us with premiums. In fact, we have declined to take any more of that class, though they offer premiums. They give too much trouble, and require too much attention."

Another teacher, after ten years' large experience, says, not only that the half-time scholars get on as fast as the others, but adds his belief "that it is the impression of parents that their children get on as well in their book instruction in half as in full time;" and when he has had to select pupil teachers he has found that nearly all, or full three-fourths, have been taken from half-timers. Mr. Turner, at Fordern, teaching a hundred and sixty children, of whom seventy come only for half the day, says that he finds the half-time scholars "fully equal in attainments to the full-time scholars. I am not," he adds, "prepared to account for it, but the fact is decidedly so."

We might go on accumulating evidence like this, and add the experience of Mr. Hammersley, head-master of the Manchester School of Arts, a gentleman who has been for twenty years an Art teacher. Before visiting Rochdale, he says: "I had examined many schools in Manchester and its neighborhood, and I had, in every case, with one exception, found that *the short-time schools gave me the most satisfactory results*. I was able in these schools to eliminate a large number of successful works out of which to

select the prize students, and *the general character of the drawing was better, and in every case the drawing was executed with greater promptitude*. When I examined the Rochdale school, these peculiarities were startlingly evident, and I could not resist making a marked public statement to this effect. The discipline of each school was excellent, the regularity of action and the quickness of perception such as I was in no wise prepared for; and at the time I could not have resisted—even if I had wished to resist—the conviction that this mainly arose from the feeling possessing the whole of the children that time was valuable and opportunity passing. Every one worked for him or her self, and thus was generated, as it appeared to me, a strong feeling of self-reliance, and, unconsciously to the learner, a respect for labor and a belief in the value of individual effort."

To this, we shall all come some of these days. We shall have schools for pupils of all classes in which no more than the natural power of attention will be occupied, and where that will be strengthened instead of sickened and debilitated by excessive strain. The headwork will be balanced with the gymnastic discipline and the drill, that give ease and precision to the movements of the body, with a wholesome vigor to the mind. But already the time is come when the truth now established should be applied to the education of the children of the poor. One great difficulty is removed when the boy's help in the home is left to the parent, and it is only for half the day that he is claimed by the schoolmaster, to be brightened even for home service while he is trained for an active, thoughtful, everywhere earnest, manhood.

SIR WILLIAM CUBITT, F.R.S., the eminent engineer, died on the 13th Oct., aged seventy-seven, after an illness which had prevented him for some years from following his professional career. He was a very early member of the Institution of Civil Engineers, of which he was one of the presidents. He was an eminently practical man, and had entrusted to him many important and difficult works, which were executed very successfully. In early life he made some eminently useful inventions in several

branches of mechanics, and when the Great Exhibition of 1851 was projected the supervision of the construction of that novel building was entrusted to him, and on the successful termination of that work he received the honor of knighthood. The last great works upon which he was engaged were the two large floating landing stages in the Mersey at Liverpool, and the new iron bridge across the Medway at Rochester, all remarkable works, and worthy terminations of a very active and useful professional career.

From The Examiner.

Life amongst the Indians. A Book for Youth. By George Catlin. Sampson Low. 1861.

THIS is a book which rather describes itself than admits of detailed description, its contents being chiefly anecdotal. In that respect,—and, indeed, in all others,—it admirably answers the purpose for which it was intended, and we are fully persuaded that the volume will hold a distinguished place in every “Boy’s Library.” Most of us, who are grown up, remember the famous collection of pictures representing the North American Indians and their mode of life, with all their *real* articles of manufacture, which was exhibited for several years at the Egyptian Hall in Piccadilly. It is of those Indians, of their manner of warfare and domestic habits, of their weapons and their wigs, and of the incidents which befall in their hunting-grounds, that Mr. Catlin now speaks; adding to the information thus conveyed the experience which he has since gathered in various countries nearer the equator. His narrative runs on in a very agreeable and familiar strain, exceedingly well adapted to the capacities of those whom he especially addresses,—but it is not youth only that is likely to be benefited by Mr. Catlin’s pages: “Children of a larger growth,” who have forgotten what they once knew, may also have their recollections very usefully and pleasantly awakened. In illustration of our remarks, we turn to the volume and select a few out of an endless series of attractive stories.

The probation which one class of “medicine-men” undergo would test the endurance of many of the candidates for admission to the College of Physicians, though an Oriental Yognee might think little of the ordeal. Here is the account:—

“The custom which is often practised amongst them, and which he was trying, they call ‘*Looking at the Sun.*’ Here was a man, naked, with the exception of his breechcloth; with splints about the size of a man’s finger run through the flesh on each breast, to which cords were attached, and their other ends tied to the top of a pole set firmly in the ground, and which was bending towards him, by nearly the whole weight of his body hanging under it as he was leaning back, with his feet slightly resting on the ground. He held his *medicine bag* in one hand and

his bow and arrows in the other, and in this position was endeavoring to look at the sun, from its rising in the morning, until it set at night; moving himself around the circle, inch by inch, as the sun moved. His friends were gathered around him, singing, and reciting the heroic deeds of his life, and his many virtues, and beating their drums and throwing down for him many presents, to encourage him and increase his strength; whilst his enemies and the sceptical were laughing at him and doing all they could to embarrass and defeat him. If he succeeds under all these difficulties, in looking at the sun all day, without fainting and falling, ‘the Great Spirit holds him up,’ and therefore he is *great medicine*, and he has nothing else to do to make him, for the rest of his life, a *medicine man*; and compliments and presents are bestowed upon him in the greatest profusion. But if his strength fails him, and he falls, no matter how near to his complete success, shouts and hisses are showered upon him, and his disgrace not only attaches to him for the moment, for having dared to set himself up as *medicine*, but the scars left on his breasts are pointed to as a standing disgrace in his tribe, as long as he lives.”

The way in which the Shiennes capture wild horses is thus described:—

“The judgment of man in guiding his horse enables him, on an animal of less speed, to get alongside of a wild horse, though he seldom is able to overtake the fleetest of them. But here is something more surprising yet—the Shiennes, who capture more wild horses than any other tribe, catch a great proportion of their horses without the aid of a horse to ride; they overtake the wild horses on their own legs; which is done in this way: plunging into a band of wild horses while on the back of his own horse, the Indian separates some affrighted animal from the group, and forcing it off to the right or to the left, he dismounts from his own horse, and hobbling its feet, or leaving it in the hands of a friend, he starts upon his own legs, his body chiefly naked—a lasso coiled on his left arm, a whip fastened to the wrist of his right hand, and a little parched corn in his pouch, which he chews as he runs; and at a long and tilting pace which he is able to keep all day, he follows the affrighted animal, which puts off at full speed. Throwing himself between the troupe and the animal he is after, and forcing it to run in a different direction, the poor creature’s alarm causes it to over-fatigue itself in its first efforts, and to fall a prey to feeble efforts, but more judiciously expended. In the beginning of the chase, the horse discov-

ers his pursuer coming towards him, when he puts off at the greatest possible speed, and at the distance of a mile perhaps, he stops and looks back for his pursuer, who is coming at his regular pace, close on to him! Away goes again the affrighted steed, more alarmed than ever, and at its highest speed, and makes another halt, and another, and another; each time shorter and shorter, as he becomes more and more exhausted; while his cool and cunning pursuer is getting nearer to him. It is a curious fact, and known to all the Indians, that the wild horse, the deer, the elk, and other animals, never run in a straight line: they always make a curve in their running, and generally—but not always—to the left. The Indian seeing the direction in which the horse is 'leaning' knows just about the point where the animal will stop, and steers in a straight line to it, where they arrive near the same instant, the horse having run a mile, and his pursuer but half or three-quarters of the distance. The alarmed animal is off again; and by a day's work of such curves, and such alarms, before sundown at night the animal's strength is all gone; he is covered with foam, and as his curves are shortened at last to a few rods, his steady pursuer, whose pace has not slackened, gets near enough to throw the lasso over the animal's neck."

Mr. Catlin indulges in the following theory respecting the origin of the Mandan tribe:—

"The most striking singularities in the personal appearance of these people were those of complexion, and color of their hair and eyes. I have before said that black hair, black eyes, and cinnamon color were the national characteristics of all American savages; but to my great surprise I found amongst the Mandans, many families whose complexions were nearly white, their eyes a light blue, and their hair of a bright, silvery gray, from childhood to old age! This singular appearance I can account for only by the supposition that there must have been some civilized colony in some way engrafted on them, but of which neither history nor tradition seem as yet to furnish any positive proof. From having found several distinct Welsh words in use amongst them; their skin canoes round like a tub, and precisely like the Welsh coracle, and their mode of constructing their wigwams like that in use, at the present day, in the mountainous parts of Wales, I am strongly inclined to believe that this singularity has been caused by some colony of Welsh people who have landed on the American coast, and after having wandered into the interior, have been taken into this hospitable tribe."

The recent affair of "Bull's Run," has familiarized the public with something very like the panic here described:—

"*'Stampado'*—did you ever hear of a stampado, my little readers? No; well, then, we'll have it. Stampado is a Spanish word, meaning 'a trampling,' or—what is much the same and perhaps more intelligible—a tremendous scrambling and scampering, when a party of some hundreds of bold and furious Indian warriors, mounted on their darting war-horses, with brandishing lances and war-clubs in hand, in the stillness and darkness of midnight, when wearied soldiers and their horses are fast asleep, dash at full speed, like the flash of lightning with the thunder following, into and through an encampment, mingling the frightful war-whoop with the unearthly sound of their parchment robes shaken in the hands to frighten the horses, not unlike, in their rattling sounds, to theatre thunder. The instant flash of a few guns begins the frightful *melée*, and in the confused *escampette*, the affrighted horses, *en masse*, dash against and over each other and their owners, and are off like a whirlwind upon the prairies at the highest speed, with their enemies behind them: leaving the scientific warriors with broken arms, with broken legs, and broken guns, upon their hands and knees, gazing through the dark in vain for some moving object to 'draw a bead' upon."

Mr. Waterton's famous adventure is nearly paralleled by the following deed of daring in the Rio Trombutas, one of the Northern tributaries of the river Amazon:—

"When we had gone ashore one day, on a broad sand beach lying between the river-shore and the timber, and part of us having got out upon the beach, we were startled by a loud hissing, and we discovered a huge alligator coming at a full pace towards us, from the edge of the timber towards the water. We were about springing into the boat, but our daring little half-breed, better acquainted with these beasts than we were, ran without any weapon towards it, meeting it face to face. When they had got within ten or twelve feet of each other, the brute pulled up and lay stock still, with its ugly mouth wide open, the upper jaw almost falling over on to its back, and commenced the most frightful hissing! The little half-breed kept his position, and called out for a block of wood, and one of the men, by running a little way up the beach, brought a log of drift-wood the size of a man's thigh, and six or eight feet long. The half-breed took this in both hands, and balancing it in a hori-

zontal position, advanced up and threw it, broadside, into and across the creature's mouth; when, as quick as lightning, and with a terrible crash, down came upon it the upper jaw, with all its range of long and sharp teeth deeply driven into it. The little half-breed then stepped by the side of the animal and got astride of its back, and we all gathered round, turned the stupid creature over and over, and kicked and dragged it, but nothing would make it quit its deadly grasp upon the log of wood, and nothing ever could while it lived, for the Indians all told us it would live some eight or ten hours, but not longer."

A concert of monkeys in the same region must have been a notable amusement at which to assist.

"We stopped our boat one day for our accustomed midday rest in the cool shade of one of these stately forests, where there was a beautifully variegated group of hills, with tufts of timber and gaudy prairies sloping down to the river on the opposite shore. Our men had fallen asleep, as usual, in the boat, and I said to my friend Smyth, who, with myself, was seated on top of the bank, 'How awfully silent and doleful it seems!—not the sound of a bird or a cricket can be heard! suppose we have some music.' 'Agreed,' said Smyth; and raising the old Minié, he fired it off over the water. *Sam* followed with three cracks, as fast as they could be got off! The party in the boat were all, of course, upon their feet in an instant, and we sat smiling at them. Then the concert began—a hundred monkeys could be heard chattering and howling, treble, tenor, and bass, with flats and sharps, with semitones and baritones and falsettos, whilst five hundred at least were scratching, leaping, and vaulting about amongst the branches, and gathering over our heads, in full view, to take a peep at us. We sat in an open place, that they might have a full view of us, and we rose up to show ourselves at full length, that their curiosity might be fully gratified. With my opera-glass, which I took from my pocket, I brought all these little inquisitive, bright-eyed faces near enough to shake hands, and had the most curious view of them. I never before knew the cleanliness, the grace, and beauty of these wonderful creatures until I saw them in that way, in their native element and unrestrained movements. Where on earth those creatures gathered from in so short a time, in such numbers, it was impossible to conceive; and they were still coming. Like pigeons, they sat in rows upon the limbs, and even were in some places piled on each other's backs,

and all gazing at us. To give the inquisitive multitude a fair illustration, I fired another shot—and another! and such a scampering I never saw before! In half a minute every animal, and every trace and shadow of them, were out of sight; nor did they come near us again."

With an account of the blow-guns of the Connibos—a tribe on the shores of the Yucayali,—and of the deadly Waw-ra-li poison, into which they dip their arrows, we close our selection.

"The sole weapons of these people, and in fact of most of the neighboring tribes, are bows and arrows, and lances, and blow-guns, all of which are constructed with great ingenuity and used with the most deadly effect. My revolver rifle, therefore, was a great curiosity amongst these, as with the other numerous tribes I had passed. I fired a cylinder of charges at a target to show them the effect, and had the whole tribe as spectators. After finishing my illustration, a very handsome and diffident young man stepped up to me with a slender rod in his hand of some nine or ten feet in length, and smilingly said that he still believed his gun was equal to mine; it was a beautiful 'blow-gun,' and slung, not on his back, but under his arm, a short quiver containing about a hundred poisoned arrows. The young man got the interpreter to interpret for him, as he explained the powers of his weapon, and which until this moment I had thought that I perfectly understood. He showed me that he had a hundred arrows in his quiver; and of course so many shots ready to make; and showed me by his motions with it that he could throw twenty of them in a minute, and that without the least noise, and without even being discovered by his enemy whose ranks he would be thinning, or without frightening the animals or birds who were falling by them, and the accuracy of his aim, and the certainty of death to whatever living being they touched! This tube was about the size of an ordinary man's thumb, and the orifice large enough to admit the end of the little finger. It was made of two small palms, one within the other, in order to protect it from warping. This species of palm is only procured in certain parts of that country, of the proper dimensions and straightness to form those wonderful weapons. Opening his quiver, the young man showed and explained to me his deadly arrows, some eight or nine inches in length. Some of them were made of very hard wood, according to the original mode of construction; but the greater and most valuable portion of them were made of knit-

ting-needles, with which they are now supplied by the civilized traders. These are sharpened at the end and feathered with cotton, which just fills the orifice of the tube, and steadies the arrow's flight. The arrows are pushed in at the end held to the mouth, and blown through with such force and such precision that they will strike a man's body at sixty yards, or the body of a squirrel or a small bird on the top of the highest tree. The ends of these arrows, for an inch or more, are dipped into a liquid poison, which seems to be known to most of the tribes in those regions, and which appears to be fatal to all that it touches. This liquid poison dries in a few moments on the point of the arrow, and there is carried for years without the least deterioration. He explained to me that a duck, or parrot, or turkey, pen-

etrated with one of these points, would live but about two minutes; a monkey or peccary would live about ten minutes; and a tiger, a cow, or a man, not over fifteen minutes. Incredible almost as these statements were, I nevertheless am induced to believe, from what I afterwards learned from other abundant information, that they were very near the truth. One thing is certain, that death ensues almost instantaneously when the circulation of the blood conveys the poison to the heart, and it therefore results that the time, instead of being reducible to any exact measure, depends upon the blood-vessels into which the poison is injected. If the arrow enters the jugular vein, for instance, the animal, no matter what size, would have but a moment to live!

METEOROLOGY—M. Liandier and the Baron de Portal, who have been constant observers of the scintillations of the stars for some years, and the former of whom has recently presented a memoir to the Academy of Sciences at Paris on the subject, have made a discovery which promises to be of great value as a weather prognostic, in addition to the barometer.

Taking a telescope, and turning it on a first magnitude star well above the horizon, and throwing the instrument out of focus, an amplified image of the star will be obtained; this image should be about three-quarters of an inch in (apparent) diameter, and if the object glass be made of pure material and properly adjusted, the image will be perfectly round, and composed of concentric rings, the light of which, owing to the scintillation of the star, will be continually varying. On this image, as a background, the appearances which constitute the indications referred to are to be observed. First, appear shadows more or less dark, which dance round the borders of the disc, and finally pass on and cross it. This appearance is caused by clouds in the vesicular state, and from the rate and direction of their passage over the image of the star, the velocity and direction of the currents of air in the higher regions of the atmosphere, more or less charged with moisture, may be learned.

But this is not all: from time to time a black point will traverse the image; this has, hitherto, been regarded by telescopic observers, as a sign of fatigued eyesight; but this explanation can no longer be received, and M. de Portal attributes it to the formation of drops of rain in the atmosphere previous to their fall.

The facts already arrived at may be thus summed up:—

1. On the magnified image of the star, diffuse illuminations, due to scintillation, are first seen, then vibrations and waves, more or less brilliant, shaded or colored, which appear to spread in all directions.

2. If these vibrations be carefully studied, they will be found to traverse the disc in a constant direction, and to be more agitated on leaving than on entering it.

3. These vibrations prove that currents of air are in motion, in the direction they indicate, in the higher regions of the atmosphere.

4. In the interval of some minutes, hours, or days, according to the unsettled or settled state of the weather, these waves will pass from the N.E. to the S.E., and oscillate back again; or else turn through the S.W. and N. to regain their original direction; or again oscillating backwards from the N. regain it through the E. or W.

Thus the prognostics to be derived from the study of what passes in the higher regions of the atmosphere are the same as those obtained from similar observations on the surface. All the waves which enter by the N.E. indicate currents in this direction, and consequently fine weather; when they enter by the S.E. it is a less favorable omen; and when by the S.W., rain is almost certain.

By this method of observation, therefore, the barometric, thermometric, and hygrometric relations of the upper regions of the air may be studied as at the surface, where the same currents will most probably arrive twenty-four or forty-eight hours later, having been foretold by the barometer in the interim. — *London Weekly Review*.

From The Examiner.

CHARLES KNIGHT.

The English Cyclopædia of Arts and Sciences. Conducted by Charles Knight. Vol VIII. Bradbury and Evans.

A Popular History of England. By Charles Knight. With upwards of One Thousand Illustrations on steel and wood. Part 55. Bradbury and Evans.

WE cannot speak of contemporary literature within the first month of untaxed paper without cordial and emphatic recognition of the long and steadily sustained labors of Mr. Charles Knight. He, more than any man of our day, has been a victim of the tax on knowledge now happily repealed, and it is he who has done more than any man to turn the current of cheap literature into wholesome channels, thereby making the repeal of the paper duty a boon of almost unmixed good to the million. Mr. Knight completed a few weeks ago, and within the rules of the tax, the two-and-twenty volumes of that excellent English Cyclopædia, into which the "Penny Cyclopædia" has now been recast. Its present form was imposed on him by the paper duty, which made it entirely hopeless to project a new edition of the "Penny Cyclopædia" itself. The revised issue was planned therefore in four divisions. Each is a complete work, having distinct claims on a large special class of readers, while the four together now constitute a general Cyclopædia singularly accurate and full, of which the two-and-twenty volumes — eight given to Arts and Sciences, six to Biography, four to Geography, and four to Natural History — cost only twelve pounds. Now that its reprints may be on untaxed paper, this admirable work and others that preceded or are concurrent with it will, we trust, bring their late worldly reward to one who, having been for forty years a most unwearied laborer for the instruction of the public, toils yet with the determined vigor of youth when his years are threescore and ten.

With the "Plain Englishman," a cheap and wholesome miscellany, revised and published forty years since in antagonism to the frivolous and scurrilous flying sheets that were then cheap and popular, Mr. Charles Knight began a career in which he has persevered with a manly determination to this hour. That miscellany was planned and published, we believe, at Windsor; *Knight's*

Quarterly Magazine, established in 1823, being the first publication that marked Mr. Knight's establishment in London. Associated from the first with the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, it was Mr. Charles Knight who projected and submitted to that society the design of its "British Almanac and Companion;" to this day the best almanac published in England, and the most effective antagonist to the ignorance and fraud of the astrological almanac-makers, who in those days had the ear of the common people and whose impudent trading upon superstition is not yet entirely out of date. In 1830, when misguided mobs were burning the machinery that found its way into use, Mr. Knight's little volume on the Results of Machinery was planned to diffuse better knowledge, and was very widely read. It was soon followed by his popular work on "Capital and Labor" and the "Rights of Industry." Gratefully we should look back, from this day when good and cheap journals vie one with another in diffusing innocent amusement and welcome instruction, to the days of thirty years ago, when there was no *All the Year Round*, no *Chambers's Journal*, no rivalry of publishers to overwhelm a willing public with their cheap and wholesome literary fare, and when the forced beginning of what now appears to be so natural was made against much discouragement by Mr. Charles Knight in the establishment and management of his famous *Penny Magazine*. With woodcuts not only attractive and informing, but at that time wonders among cheap literature for their good art in drawing and wood-cutting, with sound thought also and wit and knowledge in it, for which able writers had been fairly paid, Mr. Knight's magazine was sold for a penny under the heavy discouragement of a paper duty then no less than threepence on the pound. It was reduced to three half-pence in 1837. The paper duty at last killed the *Penny Magazine*. After a long struggle Mr. Knight has himself said, in a little pamphlet to which we shall presently refer, that in 1846 he was obliged to retire from the *Penny Magazine*, although it had a sale of five-and-twenty thousand copies. He could not compete with the cheap issues of trash, ill written and ill printed on bad paper, when to the cost of a thousand a year for good literature there was added the tax of six hun-

dred a year upon the paper of that *Penny Magazine* alone.

But Mr. Knight's work, always to the one good end, was incessant. Under the title of "A Store of Knowledge for All Readers,"—his care throughout was rather for ALL readers than for the few,—he published in 1841 a collection of treatises in various departments of knowledge by several authors. It was in the same year that he began the issue of those papers illustrative of "London," which, collected into six large volumes, adorned with pictures, form a standard repository of pleasant information that connects historical and literary knowledge with the Englishman's daily walks about the streets of his own capital.

He was then working, also, with a fine enthusiasm, at the great English poet; had begun to scatter his fresh copies of Shakespeare through the land in a pictorial edition, and had made a praiseworthy attempt to connect home interests with the poet himself by a carefully studied imagination of his actual life. While working thus he began in 1843 to spend, as a publisher, energy and capital upon a new form of cheap literature—the "shilling volumes," which for one hundred and twenty-six successive weeks gave every week a new and cheap volume to the public by some writer of sound ability. Several of the works contributed to that series have earned a standard character, and Mr. Knight's own contribution to the series of a life of Caxton—he also supplied a Volume of Varieties—was not a publication that will be readily forgotten.

While this was being done the "Penny Cyclopædia" was in course of issue. Commenced in the first week of 1833, it was not completed, with its supplement, till 1846. Although nominally issued under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, upon Mr. Charles Knight alone fell all its pecuniary responsibility. In 1850, when about to commence that modified re-issue which was a few weeks ago brought to its close, Mr. Knight showed, in a little pamphlet to which we have already referred, how heavily the paper tax had weighed upon his enterprise. He especially referred to the "Penny Cyclopædia" in that pamphlet called "The Struggles of a Book." A Copy of the Cyclopædia and supplement contained, he said, 15,764 pages,

being two reams, or thirty-five pounds of paper. The edition consumed 50,000 reams, having a total weight of £1,750,000. Of this weight of paper £700,000 paid duty before 1857 at 3d. per pound; the rest paid the reduced duty of three half-pence just abolished. The tax, therefore, upon that single work was, so far, £15,312. But the tax fell also to the extent of another £437 on reprints and balancings of stock. The tax on the wrappers to the monthly parts amounted to £500, and on the milled boards used in binding there was a paper tax that involved loss of another £300. Here was a demand by the Excise of £16,500 for a work planned so generously in the public interests that on free paper it could only have paid its expenses. Mr. Knight was actually fined to that extent for his enterprise; and to much more than that extent. He calculated—and we trust now that the duty is removed, within a year or two if no protective policy be compassed by the paper-makers, to see his calculation verified—that the reaction of the tax on trade and prices increased the first cost of producing the material by a fourth. The sale of the "Cyclopædia" began at 55,000 and averaged 20,000 under the low duty. Had the duty not been lowered the enterprise must have been abandoned when in mid-career. As it was, the interest of the paper duty paid on a large back stock with a falling demand involved loss of another £3,000. Under the higher duty it needed a sale of 36,000, under the lower duty of 30,000, to give the "Penny Cyclopædia" commercial success. As the sale really was, had there been no tax on the paper the work would have paid its expenses, leaving no profit, but no loss to its conductor. Mr. Knight, therefore, paid to Government, out of his own means, the tremendous fine of between twenty and thirty thousand pounds for an enterprise that should have brought him wealth as well as honor.

Of an abridgment of this Cyclopædia, as the "Popular Cyclopædia" in twelve volumes, fifteen thousand were sold. Determined to bring knowledge to the public door, Mr. Knight fixed upon this "Encyclopædia" a price that, as the same pamphlet tells us, would, under the paper duty, give him a return for his outlay of 1 1-2 per cent if a thousand copies were sold annually. In

twenty years, Mr. Knight then urged as an argument against that tax on knowledge, he had spent eighty thousand pounds on copyright and editorial labor, and fifty thousand pounds in paper duty.

How little Mr. Charles Knight was to be deterred from a right course by such obstruction the rest of his labors show. He was still working at the national poet, issuing his "Library Edition of Shakspeare;" reprinting Shakspeare again in his cheap "Cabinet Edition," and again in one cheap volume as the "Stratford Edition." Thus he has been of all men the most active in disseminating throughout England the text of the truest poetry our language furnishes. we pass with a word over his "Pictorial Half Hours of London Topography;" his "Half Hours of English History;" and his "Half Hours with the Best Authors." Their fine purpose is manifest. When Mr. Dickens first established *Household Words*, Mr. Charles Knight was by his side, and contributed to its earlier volumes, some delightful essays, very noticeable for their high literary merit, which were reprinted in the two volumes entitled "Once upon a Time." But still we have overlooked labor upon labor. Two massive volumes, profusely illustrated with four thousand woodcuts, gave in their text a large popular treatise upon natural history under the title of the "Pictorial Museum of Animated Nature." It was followed by a "Pictorial Gallery of Arts," planned on the same scale, and turning also to the best account many of the woodcuts accumulated during years of eager toil for instruction of the public.

We have not run through all the roll of Mr. Knight's services to literature, but

whatever else we might cite would show the same mind working, with an energy that few men have equalled, in the same direction. For the last ten years Mr. Knight has been working at the revised issue of his *Cyclopædia*, which has grown somewhat beyond its first intention into a worthy successor, instead of a weaker reproduction, of the work that the tax killed. But during the same period, or during the last five years of it, Mr. Knight has been laboring also at the *magnum opus* of his literary life. His ambition has been to advance liberal thought and right knowledge in England by a History of England, so written as to engage popular attention, giving the succession of events in the detail necessary to their full perception, and with his own high interpretation of their relative importance. He is the last man who would see in English History the kings and queens instead of the people. With the attraction of a graceful, varied, and often picturesque style; with a profusion of good woodcuts that speak to the eye itself, and always carry information of some kind; with generous sympathies giving a soul to every chapter, and with the single-minded earnestness that has grudged no labor of preparation for his task—Mr. Charles Knight continued during four years or more, to issue monthly, without break or sign of weariness, substantial parts of an original History of England, which now occupies seven handsome volumes. There remains only an eighth volume, shortly to form an independent issue, to complete a work that many able men might have been proud and happy to regard as the one achievement of active literary life.

A GOOD EDITOR.—A good editor, a competent newspaper conductor, is like a general or poet—born, not made. Exercise and experience gives facility, but the qualification is innate, or it is never manifested. On the London daily papers, all the great historians, novelists, poets, essayists, and writers, have been tried, and nearly all have failed. We might say all; for after a display of brilliancy, brief and grand, they died out literally. Their resources were exhausted. "I can," said the late editor of the

Times to Moore, "find any number of men of genius to write for me, but very seldom one man of common sense." Nearly all successful editors have been men of this description. Campbell, Carlyle, Bulwer, and D'Israeli failed; Barnes, Sterling, Phillips succeeded; and DeLane and Low succeeded. A good editor seldom writes for his paper; he reads, judges, selects, dictates, directs, alters, and combines; and to do this well, he has but little time for composition. To write for a paper is one thing—to edit a paper another.

From The Spectator.

MR. OLMSTED ON THE SLAVE STATES.*

THIS book is a compendious recast of Mr. Olmsted's invaluable volumes on the Slave States—volumes full of acute, pithy, and significant delineations which bear in every line the stamp of an honest and unexaggerating, but close and clear-sighted study of those States. To those who have read Mr. Olmsted's volumes as they appeared, there will be little that is new in this recast; but works so faithful and discerning deserve a form as convenient as their substance is weighty; and to have the three former volumes well condensed, and connected with a single and copious index, is a boon for which no genuine student of the Southern institutions will be unthankful. All we can propose to ourselves is to draw attention to the most important results fully established by Mr. Olmsted, giving, wherever it is possible, brief individual illustrations from his book, in order to bring the significance of his inferences more broadly before our readers.

First, then, in the Southern States, the value of capital and labor is determined almost exclusively by reference to a standard which is only appropriate in a very small portion of the territory, and even there only to a very small fraction of the land, capital, and labor of that portion—we mean the value of those cotton-lands which are cultivated at the best profit. It is a familiar truth with economists that in all professions where very high prizes are to be obtained, the general rate of profit is far below the average of other professions. This principle governs the cost of labor in the Slave States. The value of all slaves is measured with relation to the value of a good field hand on a cotton plantation of far more than the average—though less than the maximum—rate of profit. This is so, even in the Border Slave States, where no cotton is grown. For even there the possibility of realizing the value of a slave-estate by selling all the strong hands “down South,” is one with reference to which the proprietors uniformly estimate their available wealth.

* *Journeys and Explorations in the Cotton Kingdom: a Traveller's Observations on Cotton and Slavery in the American Slave States.* Based upon three former volumes of *Journeys and Investigations* by the same Author. By Frederic Law Olmsted. Two vols. Sampson Low.

The form in which the richer Cotton States receive their accumulating wealth is, new importations of slaves. The breeding states, on the other hand, while they estimate their wealth by the value which they *might* realize if they sold all their slaves to the richer cotton-planters, practically do apply much of this costly slave labor to occupations like tobacco-planting, ordinary farm labor, and household service, which bring back no proportionate returns. In fact, therefore, so far as they keep the slaves at work on their own estates instead of selling them to the cotton-planters, they are losing the interest on their money-value. A slave who, if sold to the South, would command twelve hundred dollars, and so gain the owner, if invested in Northern commerce, one hundred and twenty dollars annually, is retained at work which perhaps does not yield four or three per cent on that value, or from thirty-six to forty-eight dollars annually; so that the Northern Slave States, so far as they are cultivated at all, practically fritter away their resources on the effort to retain for unremunerative home-work a kind of labor which they estimate by its value in a foreign market. Now, when we consider that of the 500,000,000 acres of the Slave States, not more than one per cent, or 5,000,000 acres, are devoted to this remunerative cotton culture at all, and that of this one per cent certainly not a quarter is cultivated with that energy and capital, and with that yield of profit which practically determines the cost of slaves, we may estimate with some degree of accuracy how gigantic a mischief the whole system is. The Slave States are, in fact, a gigantic lottery, in which only the very few draw prizes, yet in which, buoyed up by speculative hope, all pay much more than the proper cost of their individual chance of a prize. The cotton culture can only be profitably pursued with large gangs of laborers, experienced overseers, and on rich lands. Rich lands, indeed, are plenty, but capitalists rich enough to purchase large gangs of laborers, and skilful enough to provide proper superintendence, are few. Yet all pay for their slaves at a rate which is so high as to be only really profitable to these few; and in the Border States this costly labor, so far as it is employed at all, is employed on work on which it is in fact thrown away. The result is, that only those planters are really rich in

Virginia and the Border States who have a good deal of property either in rich cotton-estates "down South," or in Northern securities, and who are content to spend their incomes so acquired on their Virginian estates, just as an English gentleman farmer spends instead of gains on his hobby of farming.

"This exceptional condition, then, it is obvious on the face of things, is maintained at an enormous expense, not only of money, but of nerve, time, temper, if not of humanity, or the world's judgment of humanity. There is much inherited wealth, a cotton plantation or two in Mississippi, and a few slips of paper in a broker's office in Wall Street, that account for the comfort of this Virginia farmer, as with something of the pride which apes humility, he likes to style himself. And after all, he has no road on which he can drive his fine horses; his physician supposes the use of chloric ether as an anæsthetic agent, to be a novel and interesting subject of after-dinner eloquence; he has no church within twenty miles, but one of logs, attendance on which is sure to bring on attack of neuralgia with his wife, and where only an ignorant ranter of a different faith from his own preaches at irregular intervals; there is no school which he is willing that his children should attend; his daily papers come weekly, and he sees no book except such as he has especially ordered from Norton or Stevens. This being the exception, how is it with the community as a whole? As a whole, the community make shift to live, some part tolerably, the most part wretchedly enough, with arrangements such as one might expect to find in a country in stress of war. Nothing which can be postponed or overlooked, without immediate serious inconvenience, gets attended to. One soon neglects to inquire why this is not done or that; the answer is so certain to be that there is no proper person to be got to do it without more trouble—or expense—than it is thought to be worth."

The social condition in which Mr. Olmsted found almost all the planters of the South-west, and most of those of Virginia and the Carolinas, is given with great and telling detail. Sometimes it was the result of real poverty, sometimes only of the vulgar meanness of the class of planters who have risen out of the condition of agents or managers. But both in the Border States and in the Cotton States, Mr. Olmsted's traditional impressions of the refinement and hospitality of the patriarchal state received rude and repeated shocks. In almost every house

where he is received at all, his reception is the same; he is accepted sullenly, as a necessary evil; he finds no trace of literature, music, or art in the house; he is fed well, lodged uncomfortably, and, in the South-West, generally in beds full of vermin; he is lighted to bed by the planter himself, who acts as candle-stick to the dip-candle which he carries, without any holder, in his hand; finds his horse very indifferently attended to, and is charged five shillings when he leaves the next morning. Here is his evidence as to the Cotton States:—

"Nine times out of ten, at least, I slept in a room with others, in a bed which stank, supplied with but one sheet, if with any; I washed with utensils common to the whole household; I found no garden, no flowers, no fruit, no tea, no cream, no sugar, no bread (for corn pone—let me assert in parenthesis, though possibly, as tastes differ, a very good thing of its kind for ostriches—is not bread; neither does even flour, salt, fat, and water, stirred together and warmed, constitute bread); no curtains, no lifting windows (three times out of four absolutely no windows), no couch—if one reclined in the family room it was on the bare floor—for there were no carpets or mats. For all that the house swarmed with vermin. There was no hay, no straw, no oats (but mouldy corn and leaves of maize), no discretion, no care, no honesty, at the —; there was no stable, but a log-pen; and besides this, there was no other out-house but a smoke-house, a corn-house, and a range of nigger houses. . .

"From the banks of the Mississippi to the banks of James, I did not (that I remember) see, except perhaps in one or two towns, a thermometer, nor a book of Shakspeare, nor a pianoforte, or a sheet of music; nor the light of a carcel or other good centre-table or reading-lamp, nor an engraving or copy of any kind, of a work of art of the slightest merit."

In addition to this he is generally struck by the moral degradation which free intercourse with the slave cabins ensures for the growing boys or girls of the planter, so much so that he finds all respectable parents are obliged to send them at an early age to the North to be educated, to avoid the brutalizing and impure influences to which they are otherwise exposed.

The reasons why slave labor is so costly as to be remunerative only under the special cotton monopoly, are also illustrated in minute and graphic details. In the first place,

slave labor is not only very ignorant and shiftless, but the least danger of its becoming otherwise is met with eagerly repressive measures. Mr. Olmsted quotes several observations on the part of the slave-owners to the effect that it did not do for the slaves to be equal to "*taking care of themselves*," and in one place he adds: "I begin to suspect that the great trouble and anxiety of Southern gentlemen is, how, without quite destroying the capabilities of the negro for any work at all, to prevent him from learning to take care of himself." Another source of failure in slave labor is the strong *motive* for idleness, and therefore for exaggerating or feigning illness. An amusing illustration of this is given:—

"Frequently the invalid slaves neglect or refuse to use the remedies prescribed for their recovery. They conceal pills, for instance, under their tongue, and declare that they have swallowed them, when, from their producing no effect, it will be afterwards evident that they have not. This general custom I heard ascribed to habit, acquired when they were not very ill, and were loth to be made quite well enough to have to go to work again. Amusing incidents, illustrating this difficulty, I have heard narrated, showing that the slave rather enjoys getting a severe wound that lays him up: he has his hand crushed by the fall of a piece of timber, and after the pain is alleviated, is heard to exclaim, 'Bless der Lord—der haan b'long to masser—don't reckon dis chile got no more corn to hoe dis year, nohow.'"

But the worst cases of indolence and demoralization of this sort are those in which the slave belongs to one man and is hired by another. Here, the power over him being divided, and his owner not suffering the loss of any indisposition or idleness on the part of the slave, the cases of such feigned illness are innumerable.

It seems at first sight strange that slave labor being so costly and inefficient, there should not, in the Border States at least, be a strong disposition to employ free labor as largely as possible in order to supersede it. But one of the great vices of the system is that while it makes the poorer whites unwilling to do anything for which a slave is usually employed, it also makes the master most reluctant to employ such aid. The masters answered Mr. Olmsted's inquiries on this head first by stating the reluctance of the

whites to undertake such work, and then, when pressed further with the inquiry, "Why not send North and get some of our laborers?" by the direct admission, "Well, the truth is, I have been used to driving niggers, and I don't think I could drive white men. I should not know how to manage them." The plea is, no doubt, perfectly sound. The habit of employing slave labor incapacitates the master for the kind of superintendence which alone would tell upon freemen—the authority without arbitrariness, the firmness without menace, the cheerful kindness without familiarity, which they have unlearned in "driving" slaves.

We have dwelt chiefly on the fruits of the system to the *white* population of the Slave States, and shown that it pauperizes, as well as vulgarizes and brutalizes them. We might easily extend this demonstration to a length far beyond the limits of any newspaper article, but, in conclusion, let us extract Mr. Olmsted's deliberate and reluctant conclusion as to the influence exerted on the slaves themselves by their contact with the white race. He had, he says, always believed and argued that it was to some considerable extent, a discipline of value:—

"The benefit of the African which is supposed to be incidental to American slavery, is confessedly proportionate to the degree in which he is forced into intercourse with a superior race and made subject to its example. Before I visited the South, I had believed that the advantages accruing from slavery, in this way, far outweighed the occasional cruelties, and other evils incidental to the system. I found, however, the mental and moral condition of the negroes, even in Virginia, and in those towns and districts containing the largest proportion of whites, much lower than I had anticipated; and as soon as I had an opportunity to examine one of the extensive plantations of the interior, although one inherited by its owner, and the home of a large and virtuous white family, I was satisfied that the advantages arising to the blacks from association with their white masters were very inconsiderable, scarcely appreciable, for the great majority of the field hands. Even the overseer had barely acquaintance enough with the slaves, individually, to call them by name; the owner could not determine if he were addressing one of his own chattels, or whether it was another man's property, he said, when by chance he came upon a negro off the work. Much less did the slaves have an opportunity to culti-

vate their minds by intercourse with other white people. Whatever of civilization, and of the forms, customs, and shibboleths of Christianity, they were acquiring by example, and through police restraints, might, it occurred to me, after all, but poorly compensate the effect of the systematic withdrawal from them of all the usual influences which tend to nourish the moral nature and develop the intellectual faculties, in savages as well as in civilized free men. This doubt, as my Northern friends well know, for I had habitually assumed the opposite, in all previous discussions of the slavery question, was unexpected and painful to me."

Nor is this a mere opinion. The detailed evidence of the book supports it in full, as indeed it does almost every opinion which Mr. Olmsted advances on this painful subject. We know of no book in which significant but complex social facts are so fairly, minutely, and intelligently photographed—in which there is so great intrinsic evidence of impartiality—in which all the evidence given is at once so minute and so essential, and the inferences deduced so practical, broad, and impressive.

SITTING by the sea-shore a few days since, we could not help noticing the vast reservoir of mechanical power existing in the ocean. We do not refer to the noisy dash of the waves as they break upon the beach, but to the infinitely mightier, although silent and progressive, energy exerted in the gradual rise and fall of the tides. Compared with the stupendous power capable of being utilized for man's benefit, and present in the rise or fall of millions upon millions of tons of water through a space of ten or twenty feet four times a day, all the steam, water, or wind power in the world, together with the united muscular force of every living being, human and animal, sink into utter insignificance. We will try to form some idea of this power. Let us suppose that by the action of the tides the difference of level of the surface of the ocean at a certain spot is twenty-one feet between high and low water: omitting for the present all consideration of the power of the subjacent liquid, what is the mechanical value of a space of 100 yards square of this water? 100 yards square by 21 feet deep equals 70,000 cubic yards of water, which is lifted to a height of 21 feet, or to 1,470,000 cubic yards lifted to a height of one foot. Now, since one cubic yard of water weighs about 1,683 pounds, 1,470,000 cubic yards weigh 2,474,010,000 pounds, which is lifted in six hours. This is equivalent to lifting a weight of 412,335,000 foot pounds in one hour; and since one horse-power is considered equivalent to raising 1,800,000 foot pounds per hour, we have locked up in every 100 yards square of sea surface, a power equal to a 230 horse-power steam-engine, acting, be it remembered, day and night to the end of time, requiring no supervision, and costing nothing after the first outlay but the wear and tear of machinery.

By means of appropriate machinery connected with this tidal movement, any kind of work could be readily performed. Water could be hoisted or air compressed to any desired extent, so as to accumulate power for future use, or for transport to distant stations. Light of surpassing splendor could be generated by means of magneto-electric machines; and with a very lit-

tle exercise of ingenuity, every lighthouse on the coast could be illuminated with sunlike brilliancy, and with absolutely no expenditure of fuel; the very same mechanical power of the ocean, which in its brute force would dash the helpless vessel to pieces against the rocks, being bound and coerced like the genii in Eastern tales, and transformed by man's intellect into a luminous beacon to warn the mariner against the approach of danger.—*London Weekly Review*.

THE FALL OF THE APPLE.—The Manchester folks are buying up all the apples, so that we are threatened with a cider famine. It seems—

"That the Manchester calico-dyers and printers have discovered that apple juices supply a desideratum long wanted in making fast colors for their printed cottons."

This is not the first time in the history of the world that the apple has been the fruit of mischief or discord, or that a question of momentous gravity has turned upon its fall. However, we are very sorry, for apple juices are good for something more than what is drily stated in the above paragraph; for do they not in warm weather supply, also, a "de-cideratum" in quenching a pedestrian's thirst? Since they are to be used for the future only for printing, we suppose we shall find their taste and quality principally displayed in *Gros-de-Naples*!—*Punch*.

MR. MURRAY has in the press, among other novelties for the coming season, "The Story of Lord Bacon's Life," in which all the known materials for an estimate of the Great Philosopher will be brought together, and an answer will be made—by way of narrative—to the misrepresentations of the critics of his career.

From The Athenæum.

Egyptian Hieroglyphics; being an Attempt to explain their Nature, Origin, and Meaning. With a Vocabulary. By Samuel Sharpe. Moxon & Co.

THIS work, by the accomplished historian of Egypt, gives a further proof of the depth of his researches, and of the extent of the materials within his grasp. Uninviting as sheets of hieroglyphics are found to be by the general mass of readers, this little volume will do much, by its clearness and simplicity, to remove all objections, and to create an interest where none existed before. Mr. Sharpe's Vocabulary consists of upwards of two thousand groups of hieroglyphic signs, etc., forming phrases, and arranged, not according to any alphabetical system or classification of the objects represented, but according to the resemblance of their meanings, so as to form a regular succession of ideas. The book is, therefore, hardly available as a dictionary, but it becomes especially valuable as showing the consistency with which the ancient Egyptians employed certain figures for particular ideas, and retained them through their various modifications. The names of the gods are placed first, then the temples, priests, service, etc.; then kings, kingdoms, countries, time, astronomy, calendar, and so on. In each instance a special authority is cited, so as to refer the reader at once either to the Rosetta Stone, Tablet of Abydos, or to some particular and published inscription, by which he may satisfy himself or pursue the subject still further. Nothing can be fairer. The introduction, which occupies a considerable portion of the book, contains a full but concise history of our acquaintance with hieroglyphics, of the value of the various statements transmitted to us by the Greek and Latin authors, and, finally, gives us a lucid account of the peculiarities of the old Egyptian system of writing.

Even in the outset Mr. Sharpe's observations on the alphabet, although very simple, have a peculiar interest. We learn that, in almost all cases, the reader of Egyptian letters, in following the order of the words, meets the faces of the animals and the points and openings of the other letters. In the Hebrew, Greek, Arabic, and even in our own printed alphabet, the reader follows the backs of the letters. In the earlier stages

of hieroglyphic writing there seems to have been greater simplicity; and Mr. Sharpe observes, that the great kings who ruled in Thebes when Egypt was in its purest state used only three or four characters within the first oval, and, perhaps, six within the second; whilst for the Ptolemies, in the age of decadence, as many as thirty characters were crowded within the oval ring:—

“Although several inscriptions are published which were certainly sculptured before the time of Moses, yet all of them contain many words spelt with letters; none of them are sufficiently ancient to show the original introduction of letters among the symbols. But, as none of them contain any peculiarities which would lead us to suppose that they were among the first specimens of carved hieroglyphics, it seems probable that future research may throw light upon this interesting subject, by making us acquainted with inscriptions of a more primitive form. It is not impossible that we may find inscriptions in which we may perceive the absence of letters felt as a want, and the mode in which that want was first supplied. In the later inscriptions, however, the number of words written by means of letters certainly increased, as also the number of letters used to form a word; and, indeed, the number of letters, and the complexity of the words, may at all times be admitted as strong evidence in proof of the modernness of an inscription.”

In proceeding to the evidence borne by the Greeks and Romans upon the signification of Egyptian hieroglyphics, Mr. Sharpe gives us the following quotation:—

“Tzetzes the grammarian, in his ‘Exegesis on Homer's Iliad,’ has saved for us a fragment from the lost work of Chæremón on hieroglyphics. It is too valuable to be omitted. Some of his explanations confirm those given in the Vocabulary. . . . The words of Tzetzes are as follows: . . . ‘For joy they paint a woman playing on a drum, and for misfortune, an eye weeping; for not having, two empty hands outstretched; for rising, a snake coming out of a hole; for setting, the same going in; for return to life, a frog; for the soul, a hawk; the same for the sun, and for God; for a child-bearing woman and mother, and time, and heaven, a vulture; for a king, a bee; for birth, and self-born, and male, a beetle; for the earth, a bull. The foreparts of a lion signify according to them all government and guard; a lion's tail, necessity; a stag, the year, and a palm-branch the same; a boy signifies in-

crease; an old man, decay; a bow, sharp force; and there are a thousand other such."

The work entitled "The Hieroglyphics of Horapollon Nilous," professedly translated from the Coptic into Greek, by one Philip, is next commented upon at considerable length:—

"Out of the one hundred and eighty-nine groups which Horapollon undertakes to explain, it would be difficult to point out forty in which he has a knowledge of the true meaning; and in most of these he is remarkably mistaken in the reasons which he assigns for the meaning. He is not aware that the characters represent sounds, but supposes them all to be figurative or allegorical. We are told by Suidas that Horapollon was a grammarian of the reign of Theodosius, who, after teaching for some time in the schools of Alexandria, removed to Constantinople; but we may fairly doubt whether our author is the person he is speaking of."

Mr. Sharpe, however, by his quotations from the author, and by the illustrations which he himself adduces from the well-known and genuine monuments of Egypt, shows that Horapollon was not altogether misinformed; and we feel a regret that, in a review like the present, it would not be consistent to follow him more minutely. The following examples of his quotations and notes may suffice:—

"Chap. 56. When they wish to signify a king that governs absolutely, and shows no mercy to faults, they draw an eagle. *Note.* The eagle and globe is the usual title of a king. The eagle is an A, the globe is Ra, making the word *king*; and, with article prefixed, the well-known word Pharaoh.—Chap. 57. When they wish to signify a great cyclical renovation, they draw the bird phoenix."

Mr. Sharpe in his note upon this refers to a coin of the Emperor Antonius with the word ΑΙΩΝ, an age or period, written over an ibis. This marks the conclusion of a great year, on which occasion the ibis or phoenix was said to return to earth. In hieroglyphics, a palm-branch is the word "year;" and from this the Greeks seem to

have derived the name phoenix, φοειξ a palm-tree, for their fabled bird.

Nor should the following be omitted:—

"Chap. 32. When they would represent 'delight,' they write the number sixteen. *Note.* We have a coin of Hadrian, with the figures Sixteen over a reclining figure of a river god, to denote that sixteen cubits was the height of rise in the Nile at all times wished for. We have other coins on which the river god is surrounded by sixteen little naked children or Cupids; and it would almost seem that the Alexandrian artist had, in this case, had in his mind the similarity in sound, in the Latin language, between Cupids and cubits."

There is, also, a very interesting table of hieroglyphic letters, showing, in the first instance, those which had been borrowed by the Hebrews, and, secondly, those adopted by the Greeks. The Egyptian letter T, represented by a hand, called *Teth*, is clearly imitated in the Hebrew ט, where the thumb and bent fingers are still traceable. The Hebrew Aleph, א, and the Greek Α are also derived from the Egyptian eagle. The Greek Delta, Δ, is only a simplification of the Egyptian symbol of the human shoulder with two arms raised to a point; and the Hebrew K, כ, is derived from the human arms raised vertically in the Egyptian, but modified, by being turned on end, by the Hebrews. The Egyptian head-dress becomes the letter N both with the Hebrews and Greeks, and the letter S, in like manner, grows in both languages from a peculiar form adopted in the hieroglyphics. It is entertaining enough to follow out these various changes and adoptions, but without the types and hieroglyphics themselves no adequate idea can be given. On glancing down the columns of these symbolic figures, given in the plates, and finding how thoroughly particular forms and objects are thus classified and kept together, we feel that the author has really adopted the best possible system both for reference and for general reading; and we must, in conclusion, express our admiration at the very clear and characteristic manner in which the illustrations have been drawn.

From The Saturday Review.

MARSH'S LECTURES ON THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.*

THESE *Lectures on the English Language*, delivered at New York by Mr. G. P. Marsh, before what he calls a "post-graduate," audience, at the Columbia College in the autumn and winter of 1858-9, will be welcome in their collected form to many who take an interest in the past and present of their native tongue. They do not pretend to give either a complete history of all the changes and chances which, from the days of Hengist and Horsa to the present time, have befallen the language of the British Isles; nor do they enter on a full and systematic analysis of the grammatical and etymological structure of this remarkable branch of the Gothic stem of the Indo-European family of tongues. Though fully acknowledging the important results obtained by a comparative study of the principal languages of Europe and Asia, and looking forward with sanguine hope to a time "when Sanskrit will probably in a great measure supersede the Latin as the common standard of grammatical comparison," Mr. Marsh still looks upon the study of Sanskrit as a kind of esoteric doctrine, accessible, as he says, to the fewest only—as a study for the future rather than for the present. He has thus deprived himself of the valuable assistance which even a slender acquaintance with Sanskrit and a study of the works of Bopp and Grimm, which surely are accessible *not* to the fewest only, would have rendered him in tracing the ramifications of English words, and particularly of English grammar, to their true starting-point. The history of the English language does not begin on British soil; and even after the Saxon dialect of the early invaders of Britain has been traced back to that cluster of dialects which together form the Teutonic class, many problems belonging to a still earlier period must remain unsolved, unless we are able to confront the earliest Teutonic formation—the Gothic of Ulfilas—with the yet earlier formations of what may be called the Palæozoic period of Aryan speech. A scholar of Mr. Marsh's industry ought not to have been frightened by the apparent difficulties of Sanskrit; and he must have felt himself

that, in order to obtain a firm footing in grappling with many of the problems of philology, a knowledge, however elementary, of the language of the Brahmins is as indispensable as mathematics are in astronomy.

It is partially true, as Mr. Marsh remarks, that "if the inquirer's objects are limited to the actual use of his own tongue, the study of English authors is a better and safer guide than any wider researches in foreign philologies." What Mr. Marsh means is, that we must begin with special studies, and make ourselves completely masters of one language before we enter on a comparison of that one with other cognate dialects constituting a natural group or family of speech. It is true, also, that there are periods in the history of every language in which that language has acquired such complete independence and individuality that we may study certain chapters or events in all their completeness without being obliged to cast about to the right or to the left, or to inquire into the remote antecedents of every witness we may have to cross-examine. Confining himself to that more limited sphere, Mr. Marsh has shown considerable skill in bringing together from his large acquaintance with authors little known and little read those chance words and expressions which are so essential in dogging the steps of language in its gradual progress from the material to the abstract, the matter-of-fact to the figurative, the natural to the artificial, the accidental to the customary and constant. It is here that our author seems to us most successful. He has evidently read the forgotten worthies of English literature with a loving and observing eye, and has noted down many a passage which had escaped our lexicographers. His history of the word *grain*, for instance, in the sense of a dye, is a very favorable specimen of what can be achieved by carefully collecting the scattered expressions of poets and philosophers. Milton describes melancholy as clad

"All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing in majestic train."

What is the meaning of *grain* in this passage? Does it simply mean dye or hue? Most interpreters take it in the general sense of color, but Mr. Marsh supposes—and, as we think, rightly—that *grain* was intended by Milton for a special color.

Now, *grain* is clearly derived from the

* *Lectures on the English Language*. By George P. Marsh. New York: 1860.

Latin *granum*, or the French *grain*, which signifies a seed or corn. There is, however, a species of oak, or ilex, common on all the Mediterranean coasts, and especially in Spain, which is frequented by an insect the dried body of which furnishes a variety of red dyes. This insect was called *coccus*, and the prepared *coccum* was, on account of its seedlike form, spoken of simply as *granum*, or grain. According to Pliny, Spain paid half of its tribute in this *granum*, or *coccum*, and hence the still living name of *Granada*. Although ancient writers distinguish carefully between the *coccum*, the cheaper dye, and the more costly shell-fish, purple, the color of the *coccus*, must have approached very nearly to that of the Tyrian *murex*. *Purpureus* in Latin comprised more shades of color than our modern purple, which is generally confined to the violet hue. Milton clearly used *grain* in the sense of purple in the following lines:—

"Over his lucid arms
A military vest of purple flowed
Livelier than Melibœan, or the grain
Of Sarra, worn by kings and heroes old
In time of truce; Iris had dipped the woof."

As Sarra is a name of Tyre, grain of Sarra can only be intended for Tyrian purple, though in its original and etymological sense *granum*, corn would not be applicable to the dye of the Tyrian shell-fish.

In a third passage, *grain* is still more clearly used by Milton, not in the sense of color in general, but of the special color of purple:—

"Six wings he wore, to shade
His lineaments divine; the pair that clad
Each shoulder broad came mantling o'er his
breast,
With regal ornament; the middle pair
Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round
Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold
And colors dipp'd in heaven; the third his feet
Shadowed from either heel with feathered mail,
Sky-tinctured *grain*."

"Sky-tinctured grain" could never mean on Milton's lips "sky-tinctured color." It is the purple of the sky, and the same purple color was intended by the poet in the darkest grain in which he robes his melancholy.

There is another offshoot of this word. Grain, as we have seen, was used for dyeing in red or purple. It was a fast color, and Pliny tells us that it was usual after dyeing wool in grain, to dye it afterwards in the

more costly but perishable Tyrian purple: hence the expression, "purple in grain," as used by Shakspeare, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, i. 2. After this, no further commentary is needed for another expression of the same poet in the *Comedy of Errors*, iii. 2. Here, to the observation of Antipholus—

"That's a fault that water will mend,"

Dromio replies—

"No, sir, 'tis in grain, Noah's flood could not do it."

Here "'tis in grain," simply means, that it is in the original dye, and therefore fast or unchangeable. Thus, what is ingrained in our mind is, as it were, incorporated like a color with the natural substance, though we little think of the cheap Spanish dye which formed the fundamental color, afterwards tempered by the more precious purple of Tyre, when we now speak of ingrained prejudices. The same insect which the Romans received from Spain was known to the Indians at the time of Ctesias. (*Ctesias*, c. 21. ed. Bahr.) They likewise used it for dyeing, and called it *Krimi*, the worm. The Persians called it *Kirm*, a word borrowed by the Jews, who called it *Karmil*, the English *carmine*. The Arabs changed it to *Kirmiz*, which as *Kermes* became the title by which the dye produced by the *coccus* insect was, and is still, known in commerce. From this, again the English *crimson*. The Romans, though adopting the Greek name *coccus*, berry, which still lives in the Italian *coccinilia*, the French *cochenille*, were sufficiently aware of the real nature of the *Kirmis* to apply to it a native title, *vermiculum*, (*Hieronimi Epist.* lxiv. 19), the little worm, the Italian *vermiglio*, the English *vermilion*. These names, crimson as well as vermilion, though signifying originally an animal dye alone, came to be used as names of colors, so that people now speak of the *Kermes*-mineral—a contradiction in terms, if taken in its etymological sense of worm-mineral, but readily understood in the sense of a crimson mineral dye. In the same way, too, has vermilion lost its etymological purport of worm-color, and is restricted in technical language to the sulphuret of mercury.

"Our natural tung," as Richard Mulcaster said, "cummeth on us by huddle;" and it is always interesting to see it *unhuddled* by an ingenious and careful scholar like Mr.

Marsh. But the very instance which we have here selected from his Lectures shows how impossible it would be to separate the study of English from that of its cognate languages. Goethe's remark, that "he who is acquainted with no foreign tongue knows nothing of his own," is true from whatever side we look at it. Mr. Marsh has completely misunderstood the bearing of this remark. He takes it in the only sense, in which Goethe could not have meant it, and it is extraordinary that in the several pages which he devotes to the refutation of this apophthegm, it should never have struck him that the German words could by no possibility have conveyed the meaning which he labors to demolish. There was no necessity for reminding Goethe that Homer knew Greek, though he did not know any other language, or that David was a great poet, though he probably never learnt his grammar. "The indiscriminate admiration," he writes, "with which this great writer is regarded by his followers, leads them to consider his most trivial, and unguarded utterances as oracles." Now Goethe's remark may be called trivial, but it certainly was not unguarded. It only expresses in a telling way the old truth that all our knowledge is founded on comparison—that we are cognizant of the individual by means of the general. His remark acquires, however, still greater truth as applied to a subject like language, with which we are so familiar that our very familiarity is apt to breed, if not contempt, at least heedlessness; and Mr. Marsh ought at least to have remembered that the first scientific treatment of language, even in its simplest form, owed its impulse to the study of foreign languages. Surely, no one would quarrel with a comparative anatomist who should venture to assert that he who is not acquainted with the anatomy of other animals knows nothing of the anatomy of his own body, or with a botanist who should maintain that an acquaintance with more than one plant was necessary for a knowledge of botany. If the remark is more strikingly true with regard to language than to any other subject, it is all the more inexcusable for a student of language not to have perceived the drift of the poet's dictum.

SECOND NOTICE.

MR. MARSH'S Lectures treat of so many subjects full of interest not only to the scholar but to the general reader, that it seems but fair both to the author and to the public to devote a second notice to his valuable work on the English language. Though it is not a work which has added materially to the stock of knowledge brought together by the laborious researches of English and Continental scholars, its author has made excellent use of the labors of his predecessors, and his lectures are written in an easy and unpretending style, his arguments distinguished by fairness and good sense. We hardly know of any work that we could more honestly recommend to those who, without wishing to dive very deep into Anglo-Saxon, Icelandic, and Gothic, would be glad to learn all that is known about the origin, the history, and character of their own tongue; and though some of the lectures are a little rhetorical, and now and then some pages filled with irrelevant matter, the book, as a whole, is full of pleasant reading and useful learning.

There are some interesting remarks on what we might call the statistics of the English language in Mr. Marsh's sixth lecture, "On the Sources, Composition, and Etymological proportions of English." Observations of this kind are mostly scattered about in treatises on special authors, and the mere collecting them is therefore highly valuable. It is curious how far devotion to some special work will carry a student, and in particular an editor. The labors of the Rabbis are generally quoted as the most striking examples of this kind of useless scholarship, but they stand by no means alone. If they counted the number of words, of syllables, and even of letters which occur in the Old Testament, the same thing was done by the Brahmins in India, for their sacred books. As early as the third century B.C., they composed a complete index of the Rig Veda, counting every word and every syllable; and at a later time, they drew up lists of all the words consisting of one, two, three, four, five, six, seven or more syllables, of all words ending in m, n, t, and the like. We may pity the man who thus spends his life as a calculating machine; but the results which have been obtained by

this drudgery are not so entirely useless as we are apt to think. Although neither the Rabbis nor the Brahmins thought of anything beyond the mere pleasure which they derived from accumulating useless facts, these facts, like many other facts and statistics, may, in the hands of the student of language, lead to the discovery of new and really important laws. Thus, in order to discover the exact proportions of the various elements which enter into the formation of the English tongue, it is absolutely necessary to imitate the Rabbis, and to count every word that occurs in the English dictionary. All other attempts at fixing the relation of the Anglo-Saxon to the Roman words in the English language could not but prove failures. Hickes, no inconsiderable scholar in his time, argued that because there are but three words of Latin origin in the Lord's Prayer, nine-tenths of the English language are of Saxon origin. Sharon Turner, who extended his observations over a larger field, came to the conclusion that four-fifths were of native growth. Another writer supposing the whole number of English words to amount to 38,000, assigns 23,000 to a Saxon and 15,000 to a classical source. In fact, it was never doubted that in English the Saxon element could claim a numerical majority until M. Thommerel took a complete inventory of the English language, by counting every word in the Dictionaries of Robertson and Webster. The sum total of English words contained in these works was found to be 43,566, out of which 29,853 were traced back to classical, 13,330 to Teutonic, and the rest to miscellaneous sources. After the confident assertions of Hickes and Sharon Turner, that nine-tenths or four-fifths of the English language were of native Saxon growth, it was certainly startling to find that more than two-thirds of the English Dictionary have to be assigned to a foreign source, leaving not quite one-third for the national Saxon element.

Mr. Marsh was either not acquainted with these statistical tables published by M. Thommerel, or he may have considered them antiquated on account of the great increase of words in the more recent dictionaries of the English language. Todd's edition of Johnson is said to contain 58,000 words, and the later editions of Webster 70,000, counting, however, the participles of the present

and perfect as independent vocables. Flügel estimated the number of words in his own dictionary at 94,464, of which 65,085 are simple, 29,379 compound. This was in 1843; and he then expressed a hope that in his next edition the number of words would far exceed 100,000. This is the number fixed upon by Mr. Marsh (p. 181) as the minimum of the *copia vocabulorum* in English; but he adds that no dictionary contains more than two-thirds, or at most three-fourths, of the words which make up the English language (p. 121). This may be or not. What we have to consider is whether, if we take M. Thommerel's inventory as correct for the time when it was made, the new additions in our more recent dictionaries are likely to disturb the result of his calculations. Now, Mr. Marsh is of opinion that the words which are most neglected by lexicographers are those which belong to the arts and to the humbler fields of life, and are chiefly Saxon. But if we look to the additions that have been made to our dictionaries during the last fifty years, the largest proportion by far consists of scientific and technical terms; and nearly all of these are of classical origin. There are very few genuine Saxon words that were overlooked by Johnson, and even the dialect of the lower classes supplies new meanings rather than new words. The very instance which Mr. Marsh mentions of the neglect of common mechanical terms, "a ten-penny nail," only adds a new meaning to the usual meanings of penny; it does not add a new word. "Tenpenny nails," he informs us, are so-called because a thousand of them weigh ten pounds, so that penny in this phrase would seem to be used in the sense of pound. But this new sense would not cause a new entry in our dictionaries; whereas, we can hardly open a page of what pretends to be a complete dictionary without being met by the most uncouth and un-English terms, lately coined by persons well acquainted with everything but Greek and Latin. We should think, therefore, that if the inventory made by Thommerel were to be taken again with reference to the latest edition of Flügel, the balance would be even more in favor of the classical element, whilst the Saxon element would dwindle down to considerably less than one-third of the whole language. How, then, are we to account for statements like those of Dean Trench?

"Suppose," he writes, "the English language to be divided into a hundred parts; of these, to make a rough distribution, sixty would be Saxon, thirty would be Latin—including, of course, the Latin which has come to us through the French—five would be Greek; we should thus have assigned ninety-five parts, leaving the other five, perhaps too large a residue, to be divided among all the other languages from which we have adopted isolated words." We can only suppose that the Dean formed his estimate of the proportions in English of Saxon and non-Saxon elements on the same basis as Sharon Turner, and transferred the results thus obtained to the vocabulary. Sharon Turner took a number of extracts from the most eminent writers, each of them consisting, on an average, of about one hundred words. By assigning each word to one of two classes, Saxon and non-Saxon, he found that—

Shakspeare uses 85 per cent Anglo-Saxon, 15 of other words.

Milton uses 81 per cent Anglo-Saxon, 19 of other words.

Cowley uses 89 per cent Anglo-Saxon, 11 of other words.

English Bible uses 97 per cent Anglo-Saxon, 3 of other words.

Thomson uses 85 per cent Anglo-Saxon, 15 of other words.

Addison uses 83 per cent Anglo-Saxon, 17 of other words.

Spenser uses 81 per cent Anglo-Saxon, 19 of other words.

Locke uses 80 per cent Anglo-Saxon, 20 of other words.

Pope uses 76 per cent Anglo-Saxon, 24 of other words.

Young uses 79 per cent Anglo-Saxon, 21 of other words.

Swift uses 89 per cent Anglo-Saxon, 11 of other words.

Robertson uses 68 per cent Anglo-Saxon, 32 of other words.

Hume uses 65 per cent Anglo-Saxon, 35 of other words.

Gibbon uses 58 per cent Anglo-Saxon, 42 of other words.

Johnson uses 75 per cent Anglo-Saxon, 25 of other words.

It is clear from this that if Dean Trench had confined his remarks to the English language as written and spoken by our best authors or statesmen, his average division of English into sixty per cent of Anglo-Saxon and thirty per cent of classical words would have been fairly correct; but, as applied to the dictionary, it is completely erroneous. A moment's reflection will show us the cause of this difference. Our pronouns, our articles, our

prepositions, without which it is impossible to form a single sentence are all of Saxon origin; they occur over and over again in every line; and, even if we imagined a sentence consisting entirely of Romance nouns and verbs, the definite and indefinite articles which are joined to most substantives, and the personal pronouns by which most verbs are preceded, would at once readjust the balance in favor of Saxon. These two methods, therefore, of estimating the relative strength of the component parts of English or any other language must be kept strictly distinct. For computing the etymological proportions of the entire vocabulary, nothing short of M. Thommerel's process will be satisfactory. For calculating the relative preponderance of indigenous and foreign words in the language of common life or of literature, we may have recourse to Sharon Turner's system, only that it must be extended over a much larger area. This is what Mr. Marsh has endeavored to do. The passages which he selected from the same authors on which Sharon Turner made his calculations, and some others, extended as a rule, to several thousand words; and they are taken from different works of the same author, in order to guard, as much as possible, against the inevitable influence which certain subjects must exercise on the choice of words. Mr. Marsh shows, for instance, that the extract from Swift, which contains ninety words, ten or eleven of which are marked by Turner as non-Saxon, is a picked sentence: that in the *John Bull*—as thoroughly English a performance as any of Swift's works—the foreign words are at least in the proportion of fifteen per cent; in his *History of the Four Last Years of Queen Anne*, twenty-eight per cent; in his *Political Lying*, more than thirty per cent, and in some passages amounting to forty. Thus Ruskin, who in his theoretical discussions allows himself from twenty-five to twenty per cent of Latin derivatives has succeeded in composing the first six periods of the sixth Exercise in his *Elements of Drawing*, containing one hundred and eight words, almost entirely of Saxon materials—the only two words not Saxon being "pale" and "practise."

We conclude our notice of Mr. Marsh's Lectures with a table containing the results of his statistical observations as to the

proportion of Saxon and non-Saxon elements in some of the most prominent English and American writers, both ancient and modern. We sincerely hope that the present disturbed state of New York will cause no interruption to the literary activity of the author of these Lectures. They certainly constitute one of the most acceptable contributions to English scholarship which we have received for many years from the other side of the Atlantic:—

	Per ct.
Robert of Gloucester, <i>Narrative of Conquest</i> , pp. 354, 364, employs of Anglo-Saxon words	96
Piers Ploughman, <i>Introduction</i> , entire	88
“ “ <i>Passus Decimus-Quartus</i> , entire	84
Piers Ploughman, <i>Passus Decimus-Nonus</i> and <i>Vicesimus</i> , entire	89
Piers Ploughman, <i>Creed</i> , entire	94
Chaucer, <i>Prologue to Canterbury Tales</i> , first 420 verses	88
Chaucer, <i>Nonnes Preestes Tale</i> , entire	93
“ “ <i>Squires Tale</i> , entire	91
“ “ <i>Prose Tale of Melibeus</i> , in about 3,000 words	89
Sir Thomas More, <i>Coronation of Richard III.</i> , etc., seven folio pages	84
Spenser, <i>Faerie Queene</i> , Book II., Canto vii.	86
New Testament:—St John's Gospel, chaps. i., iv., xvii.	96
New Testament:—St. Matthew, chaps. vii., xvii., xviii.	93
New Testament:—St. Luke, chaps. v., xii. xxii.	92
New Testament:—Romans, chaps. ii., vii., xi., xv.	90
Shakspeare, <i>Henry IV.</i> , Part I., Act II.	91
“ “ <i>Othello</i> , Act V.	89
“ “ <i>Tempest</i> , Act I.	88
Milton, <i>L'Allegro</i>	90
“ “ <i>Il Penseroso</i>	83
“ “ <i>Paradise Lost</i> , Book VI.	80
Addison, Several numbers of <i>Spectator</i>	82
Pope, <i>First Epistle</i> and <i>Essay on Man</i>	80
Swift, <i>Political Lying</i>	68
“ “ <i>John Bull</i> , several chapters	85
“ “ <i>Four Last Years of Queen Anne</i> , to end of sketch of Lord Cowper	72

	Per ct.
Johnson, <i>Preface to Dictionary</i> , entire	76
Junius, <i>Letters</i> , xii. to xxiii.	72
Hume, <i>History of England</i> , general sketch of Commonwealth, forming conclusion of chap. ix.	73
Gibbon, <i>Decline and Fall</i> , Vol. I., chap. vii.	70
Webster, <i>Second Speech on Foot's Resolution</i> , entire	75
Irving, <i>Stout Gentleman</i>	85
“ “ <i>Westminster Abbey</i>	77
Macaulay, <i>Essay on Lord Bacon</i>	75
Canning, <i>Essay on Milton</i>	75
Cobbett, on <i>Indian Corn</i> , chap. xi.	80
Prescott, <i>Philip II.</i> , Book I. chap. ix.	77
Bancroft, <i>History</i> , Vol. VII., Battle of Bunker's Hill	78
Bryant, <i>Death of the Flower</i>	92
“ “ <i>Thanatopsis</i>	84
Mrs. Browning, <i>Cry of the Children</i>	92
“ “ <i>Crowned and Buried</i>	83
“ “ <i>Lost Bower</i>	77
Robert Browning, <i>Blougram's Apology</i>	84
Everett, <i>Eulogy on J. Q. Adams</i> , last twenty pages	76
Ticknor, <i>History of Spanish Literature</i> , Period II., chap. i.	73
Tennyson, <i>The Lotus-Eaters</i>	87
“ “ <i>In Memoriam</i> , first twenty poems	89
Ruskin, <i>Modern Painters</i> Vol. II., Part III., sec. ii., 5. Of the Superhuman Ideal	73
Ruskin, <i>Elements of Drawing</i> , first six exercises	84
Longfellow, <i>Miles Standish</i> , entire	87
Martineau, <i>Endeavors after the Christian Life</i> . III. Discourse	74

There are only four works in English where Mr. Marsh could avail himself of complete verbal indexes—the Bible, Shakspeare, Milton, and the Ormulum. In the complete vocabulary of the English Bible sixty per cent are native; in that of Shakspeare the proportion is very nearly the same; in the poetical works of Milton less than thirty-three per cent are Anglo-Saxon; whereas in the Ormulum, written in the thirteenth century there are but three per cent of non-Saxon kin.

We have to record a handsome concession on the part of the Spanish Government—the opening up of the great archives at Simancas to the deputies of our Master of the Rolls. The interest of the papers at Simancas cannot be overstated. They are the documentary history of Spain, and of all the countries which have had political relations with Spain. From the reign of Henry the Eighth to the time of Cromwell they are of vast importance for our own

history, and every student working in recent years upon those periods, has turned wistfully but unavailingly towards Simancas for the light which it, and it only, could afford. The priestly influence was against all search. At length, the embargo has been taken off. Mr. Brower, of the Rolls, has just returned from Simancas, where it has been arranged that Mr. Bergenroth, a most competent English and Spanish scholar, shall calendar and abstract the documents relating to our history.

566 A WELCOME TO CAPTAIN WILKES.—AFTER THE STORM.

OUR UNION AND OUR FEAG.

BY RUTH N. CROMWELL.

My flag! when first those starry folds
Which waved o'er Sumter's band,
Received the traitors' murderous fire,
How flashed the tumult through the land.
No soul e'er panted for the hour
That lifts it from love's torturing rack,
As panted then a nation's heart
To hurl the insult back.

If shame then hushed Columbia's breath
And bowed her beauteous form,
'Twas but the siroc's awful pause—
The lull before the storm.
Then men awoke, soul spoke to soul,
And hand grasped hand, for woe or weal;
Then wavering hearts were turned to iron,
And nerves were turned to steel.

Old feuds were not, old parties died,
From vale to mountain crag;
A nation's shout linked friend and foe,
Our Union, and our flag;
We gave our men as freely then
As leaves from forest tree,
We gave our gold, as rivers give
Their waters to the sea.

Still floats on high Columbia's flag,
In the gloom of the autumn day,
The blot still on her starry folds,
The stain not washed away;
Fort Moultrie stands, and Charleston lives,
And Freedom's sun grows pale,
O God! whate'er thy children's doom,
Let not her foes prevail.

We point to Ellsworth's honored tomb,
To Lyon's fall, to Baker's grave,
What say Missouri's vine-clad hills?
What answer from Potomac's wave?
What answer they? Men ask of men,
Who never yet foreswore the vow,
What answer they? the nation asks,
With lowering heart and brow.

Men, whom Columbia's voice hath called,
To guide this ship of state,
Remember well each soul on board
Owns portion in her freight;
More clean was Nero's reeking brow,
More guiltless Arnold's past,
Than the hand that falters at the helm,
Or shrinks before the blast.

—N. Y. Evening Post.

THE SPARK.

As when, amidst the embers cold,
Some little spark is seen,
Which, slowly fading, serves to show
Where light and heat have been;
When all but hopeless seemed the task
To raise the sinking frame,
Some gentle breath has stirred the spark,
And fanned it into flame;

So, when within the human heart
The spark of sacred fire,
With lustre dimmed, though ling'ring yet,
Seems ready to expire;

When Hope is fled, when quenched by Sin,
No more does warmth enfold
The heart, where dusky-winged Despair
Broods o'er the ashes cold;

God in his loving mercy sheds
His Spirit's quick'ning breath,
And upward spring the seeds of flame—
Life reigns where once was Death.

—Chambers's Journal.

F. D.

A WELCOME TO CAPTAIN WILKES.

WELCOME to Wilkes! who didn't wait
To study up Vattel and Wheaton,
But bagged his game, and left the act
For dull diplomacy to treat on.

Honor for one who dared assume
Upon a critical emergence
Responsibility—and seize
A precious pair of rank insurgents.

Rather than let them slip, 'twere well
That precedent should bear transgression,
And as for points of law—why Wilkes
Made sure of nine—in flat possession.

Who talks for exploit such as this
Of government's assured displeasure?
A country's gratitude instead
Outspeaks in large, unstinted measure.

Cashiered! that banking term suggests
A higher grade that may o'ertake him;
Another such Jacksonian deed,
And, faith, a President 'twill make him.

So welcome, Commodore, your freight
Of haughty, wily, wicked traitors
Consigned to Dimmick's plain hotel,
Where Uncle Sam in quiet eaters;—

A warm Thanksgiving greeting waits
For you, brave fellows of the navy;
So come and share our bounteous spread,
Our pudding sauce and turkey gravy.

—Transcript.

AFTER THE STORM.

BY MISS HARRIET MC EWEN KIMBALL.

ALL night, in the pauses of sleep I heard
The moan of the Snow wind and the Sea,
Like the wail of thy sorrowing children, O God!
Who cry unto thee.

But in beauty and silence the morning broke,
O'erflowing creation the glad light streamed;
And earth stood shining and white as the souls
Of the blessed redeemed.

O glorious marvel in darkness wrought!
With smiles of promise the blue sky bent,
As if to whisper to all who mourn—
Love's hidden intent.

—Boston Review.

From The Spectator.

THE CRUSADES.*

THERE is but one defect in this little book, and that is its name. It is not a history at all, either of the Crusades or of their literature; but an essay on both, crowded with the results of years spent in research, and alive with that glowing, almost creative thought which is the highest force of the historian; but only an essay still. Such as it is, however, in presenting this translation to the public, Lady Duff Gordon has added one more to her many claims on both English and German students. She could not have selected, even from German literature, a volume of deeper interest, or more direct and unquestionable value. Von Sybel, a pupil of Ranke, has devoted his leisure for years to the patient criticism of the history of the Crusades. Following his master's system, he has submitted the whole mass of documentary evidence upon the subject to a searching analysis, and described the result of his investigations in the preface to his "History of the First Crusade"—a mine of critical erudition. That result may be briefly stated as a conviction that all existing histories of the Crusades are founded upon legend, but that the materials for accurate history do, nevertheless, survive. The outline of a more truthful narrative has been sketched by him in four lectures, delivered at Munich in 1855, and the present work is a translation of these lectures, and of their justification, the critical analysis of the literature of the Crusades. Regarded as a history, the work, of course, wants body; but as an historic outline, a survey of the road yet to be levelled, it is admirable alike for insight and comprehensiveness and excites in the reader a strong hope that Von Sybel, who is still, after many vicissitudes, in possession of literary leisure, will yet complete the task he has so ably defined.

It is not, perhaps, strange that the world should for years have been content with the legendary history of the Crusades. Men love the dramatic, and such productions are dramatic by their very nature; but it is somewhat remarkable that historians in an inquisitive age should have been content with such second-hand information. The two narra-

tives most in favor with the British public, for example—Mr. Mills' and M. Capefigue's—are founded almost exclusively on William of Tyre, a skilful and, in some points, well-informed writer, who deformed his work by deliberate inventions of letters and speeches, and based it undoubtedly upon that of Albert of Aix. This latter, who may be said to be the source of all the popular histories of the Crusades hitherto current in Europe, was, in fact, nothing but a compiler of legends, and retailer of all the personal narratives which he could collect from the crowds of returning pilgrims, who, with heated imaginations, partial knowledge, and excited vanity, passed through Aix on their road to the West. He writes easily, and arranges his stories dramatically, and he has the power of creating personal interest, so frequent with men who are novelists by instinct. But his narrative has neither substance nor sequence, its personages are constantly placed in impossible positions, their characters, offices, and deeds vary from chapter to chapter, while their greater achievements are contradicted by all unquestionable testimony. For example, Godfrey of Bouillon, who in the first half of the work is but one of many princes engaged in the Crusade, is suddenly made in the latter the centre and chief of the whole movement, is elected commander-in-chief by miracle, and is thenceforward surrounded by a halo of poetic rhetoric, which, however, still leaves him almost a lay figure. All this while there exist documents of undeniable authenticity, by which these legends might be tested, and from which a narrative, somewhat balder, perhaps, than those current, but still absolutely true, might be constructed. Among these are nine authentic letters from princes and chiefs engaged in the Crusades; the work of Raymund of Agiles, which we may call the special correspondent's account of the first Crusade; Anna Commena's life of her father, valuable as the court view of these transactions; the "Gesta Francorum," which Von Sybel believes to have been the work of an eye-witness; the history of the Abbot of Nogent, important for some details supplied by the French leaders; that of Baltric of Dol, who adds to the "Gesta" a few facts derived from eye-witnesses—that of Fulcher of Chartres, whose statement of occurrences up to the attack on Edessa is, perhaps, the best in

* *The History and Literature of the Crusades.* From the German of Von Sybel. By Lady Duff Gordon. Chapman and Hall.

existence; of Ordericus Vitalis, who mixes with wild romances whole chapters obviously gathered from men who had acted in the scenes they related; of Rudolph of Caen, and of Ekkehard of Urach, both patient and careful compilers of contemporary evidence. By the patient analysis of these authorities, not forgetting legend so far as legend is confirmed by testimony, a narrative may be constructed of which Von Sybel has given us in the four lectures a bold outline. It differs widely from the popular one, and as all men who read it all know the latter, we shall best explain the additions he has made to our knowledge by a rapid but tolerably complete analysis.

The Crusades originated in the demoralization of Europe. The centuries of war and social disintegration which followed the death of Charlemagne had been a cycle of terrible suffering for humanity. Throughout Europe there was no peace any more. Everywhere men relied exclusively on force, every man did his utmost to oppress, and as the pressure increased as it descended, the mass of the people knew no respite from misery. The Church was utterly corrupted, the kings almost powerless, the barons brigands, the people living on roots, while in all classes there remained, from the few traces of Christian teaching which still survived, a wretched self-consciousness which made all sin bear its fruit in misery. So horror-struck did the human race become at itself, that towards the close of the tenth century men looked universally for the coming of the Avenger, for some immediate and visible outpouring of Almighty wrath and indignation. Injustice triumphant everywhere, caused an actual hate of this world to spring up in men's minds, whole classes abandoned their property, or thronged into the monasteries, or sought in long and painful pilgrimages to appease the hunger of their souls for something better than the wretched scene around them. Pleasure was evil, science dangerous, religious life or asceticism the one path which offered any hope of permanent refuge from the contamination of mankind. All over Europe the value of property fell one-half, and the remainder lost its importance in its owner's eyes. The Southern races were boiling over with a mystical excitement, such as in our own day a great preacher or a camp-meeting will sometimes produce upon

rough and evil natures, and every day strange new forms of penance appeared. Christianity was degenerating into Hindooism, when suddenly a commanding voice rising high above the uproar pointed out to the people of Europe a path which offered the certainty of escape from the present, and a sure hope of salvation in the future. Urban the Second, in a Council held at Clermont, in September, 1095, called on Christendom to set free the Holy Sepulchre. Here at last was an enterprise which, leading to heaven, could still be prosecuted by violence, and the prospect flew like the tale of a new millennium throughout the Western world. In Lorraine, Duke Godfrey of Bouillon levied an army; Count Hugo and Robert of Paris raised another in France; our own Duke Robert sold Normandy to pay a force adequate to the invasion of Palestine; Raymond of Toulouse called together all gascons and provençals not yet infected or disabused by the spirit of luxurious scepticism which was afterwards their characteristic; Stephen of Blois collected retainers whose number made him almost a king; and the wise chief of the most potent clan then existing in Europe, Bohemond of Tarentum, summoned the Normans, who had just conquered Sicily, to found a new empire in the East. Their ranks were swelled by huge masses of soldiery and peasants, who ranged themselves under any leader they chose, and asked only wages enough to keep them alive. Money became all important, and while the feudal principle received its first shock all over Europe, there commenced the first grand transfer of property. The peasants of France, in a wild crowd, followed a monk of Amiens, afterwards celebrated in legend as Peter the Hermit, enlisted in the Crusade as camp followers, and, as we shall see, became the disgrace of Christendom.

By the spring of 1097 the army had reached Constantinople, and after a vain attempt of Bohemond to induce them to conduct the war in a statesman-like way, and conquer Constantinople and Asia Minor as a base of operations, they poured through Asia Minor into Syria. One division, under Tancred the Norman, conquered Cilicia. Count Baldwin, brother of Godfrey of Bouillon, was elected sovereign in Edessa, and the main army invested Antioch, then held by a satrap of the Seljuks. The city was

well defended, the weather was inclement, and the mob which called itself a Christian army perished, as such mobs under such circumstances always do. The Crusade might have ended here, but Bohemond desired Antioch as his capital, and to the calm Norman intellect many expedients were possible, foreign to his superstitious comrades. He promised to conquer Antioch if it were delivered to him in sovereignty. Count Raymond of course resisted, and the Norman suffered the Emir of Mosul to bring up his horsemen within sight of the camp rather than forego his purpose. At last Count Raymond gave way, and in twelve hours Bohemond had fulfilled his promise. With sixty Normans he scaled the walls at a point held by a Seljuk whom he had bribed; the gate was thrown open and the garrison put to the sword. The Christians, however, by this victory only became the besieged, for the Emir of Mosul brought his horsemen up to the city, and established a strict blockade. The army began to perish of hunger, dogs and rats were consumed, and at last the Crusaders lost even the spirit for a sortie. They shut themselves up in thousands and preferred to die. The leaders, as usual, driven out of their prejudices by despair, turned to Bohemond, and invested him with unlimited power. The astute chief saved them in an hour, by an act which must be held in no slight degree to redeem him from the charge of self-seeking, with which envious rivals avenged themselves on his wisdom. He fired his own city, and the armed mob, driven from shelter, charged upon the enemy, who scattered in all directions. Of course, with the danger the appearance of unanimity vanished. Raymond of Toulouse broke his oath, and at last the army, weary with quarrels, rushed forward, dragging their leaders, Bohemond excepted, to Jerusalem. The town was taken by storm on 15th July, 1099, Godfrey was elected king after Raymond of Toulouse and Robert of Normandy had refused, and the Crusaders disappeared. The army vanished in a week. The pilgrims had earned heaven, and returned to their homes on earth, and the king of Jerusalem was left in Palestine with two thousand effective men-at-arms, most of them, fortunately for Christendom, Normans, and a magnificent renown. The real hero of the expedition was Bohemond, but

Europe fixed its eyes on the Christian King of the Sepulchre. He became the object of the poetic spirit, which all great movements develop, songs without end raised him to the pinnacle of popular fame, they were collected and rewritten after his death by a subject, Albert of Aix, and Europe still believes that the feeble duke, who did nothing during the fray, and was only elected after it because the great leaders were absent or declined so empty an honor, was the soul of the first Crusade.

As for Peter the Hermit, he was simply and literally chaplain to the camp-followers, who, calling themselves from a Turkish word *Tafurs*, lived outside the camp, elected a king and priest of their own, pillaged friend and foe, and were subsequently, there seems no room to doubt, guilty of establishing a practice, when provisions fell short, of eating the roasted bodies of the slain.

The first Crusade, then, left Syria in this condition; Bohemond retained Antioch, and transmitted it as an independent feudal state to his son. Baldwin held Edessa, and on the death of Godfrey after a weak reign of one year, during which he announced himself as vassal of the Patriarch of Jerusalem, Baldwin appointed a younger brother count of his province, and himself mounted the throne of Jerusalem. He reigned for eighteen years, conquered all the coast of Palestine, and fortified his frontier towards Egypt. His brother, who in 1118 succeeded him, desired to pursue the same policy, but his followers refused their support. They expected miracles, and while waiting for them, scattered themselves through the castles of Syria amidst oriental harems. The successor of Baldwin the second was an imbecile, and his leading followers were intriguing for his wife and his throne, when suddenly another blast of anti-Mahomedan feeling passed through Europe. King Louis of France had destroyed some churches in Champagne, and in the fervor of his repentance determined to visit the Holy Sepulchre. Roger of Sicily joined, in the hope of seizing Constantinople, and the Abbot of Clairvaux induced the "King" of Germany to offer his aid. The combined armies crossed Europe, descended the valley of the Danube, reached Jerusalem, and besieged Damascus. The Christian barons, however, did not want a powerful potentate among them; their intrigues com-

pelled him to raise the siege, and he returned, leaving the Christians to encounter Noureddin, the new ruler of Asia Minor, and his successor, Saladin. No external menace could teach the Christians the first principles of political strength. In the presence of Saladin's armies the barons intrigued, and caballed, and separated, until, united for a day by an overwhelming danger, they fought on July 5, 1187, the battle of Tiberias, and expiated their follies in one common fate. Jerusalem held out till October, and then passed finally into Mussulman hands. Gleams of hope now and again lighted up the gloom which, for a century, the loss of the Holy Places spread through the Christian world, but Jerusalem was never recovered. Frederic Barbarossa, indeed, collected a splendid army in March, 1188, and commenced the third Crusade on a reasonable plan. He utterly prohibited followers and encumbrances of all sorts, and he reached Cilicia with an army of seventy thousand fighting men splendidly equipped, and really disciplined. Opposition disappeared, Saladin announced his intention of flying, and the eastern shore of the Mediterranean might to this day have been Christian, when Frederic was accidentally drowned. The army melted away, its sole relic being the order of Teutonic Knights, which was founded out of the remnants, by the emperor's son Frederic of Suabia, and which was destined to a grand but European career. The failure, however, stirred Europe once more; the extraordinary bravo, whom we call Richard the First, took up the cross, and after a journey on which he wasted two years, in January, 1192, he stood in sight of Jerusalem. Saladin, this time, ceded the city, which, however, Richard never entered, but the new king, Conrad of Montferrat, was murdered within three days of his election, and again Richard advanced upon the Sepulchre. It was all in vain. The Christians dared not conquer the city, lest their armies should disappear, and at last, on 30th August, 1192, a treaty was signed which left Jerusalem to the Mussulmans, and announced the final failure of the Crusades.

They had lasted for an entire century. From 1095 to 1192, the cardinal object of Europe had been the permanent recovery of the Holy Sepulchre, and the final subjugation

of the Mussulman world. Four times had the chivalry of Europe, led by their mightiest princes, blessed by the Church, and followed by the heartiest applause of the population, precipitated itself upon Asia. Every year some chief, followed by a long train of knights, had landed in Syria to seek adventure and the remission of his sins. All that a warlike race could feel of devotion, or enthusiasm, or ambition, had been lavished in the cause. A million of brave men had spent their lives, and the fee-simple of half the lands in Europe had been lavished, and all without effect. The motive cause of the movement was also its ruin: "We see in the first Crusade the strength, in the second the weakness, of mediæval religious feeling. It was only fitted for rapid, violent, and instant action; lasting combination, fruitful action, or enduring results, it was unable to produce. It evaporated in heated enthusiasm and narrow contempt of the world: it rushed madly on, with eyes turned to heaven, in expectation of some wondrous miracle, and fell crashing to the ground, its feet entangled in some miserable creeping weed."

The Crusades had failed, but Europe had won the game. For a space of a hundred years the Continent had placed before it an object higher than personal advantage, and the hearts and brains of men responded eagerly to the great demand. Heroism became a habit. Poetry awoke from its long trance. Commerce obtained an impetus never afterwards lost, and learning arose once more. The Greeks poured their glorious literature over the world, and the first Crusaders brought with them back to Italy a treasure worth more than all they seemed to have spent in vain. The Code of Justinian, that universal political solvent, which eats away feudalism as acids eat iron, was brought to Bologna, and the minds of men, jarred out of their narrow grooves, began to expand under the influence of broader and loftier thoughts than the conquerors of Rome had imported. With the Crusades the age of pure force passed away; and if Europe has now advanced till she looks down on the East in pitying and somewhat indiscriminate contempt, she owes her progress to that great contest in which for a hundred years, the East was so steadily victorious.

From The Saturday Review.

THE RECOVERY OF A LOST WORK OF EUSEBIUS.*

"BRITISH MUSEUM, Add. MS. No. 12-150." Under these symbols scholars recognize a manuscript which Dr. Cureton is quite justified in calling "that wonderful volume of the Nitrian Collection." It is wonderful not only for its contents, and its singular history and recovery, but for its immense antiquity. It is believed by all competent judges to have been transcribed fourteen hundred and fifty years ago, in the year of our Lord 411. Of the four treatises in the Syriac language which this precious manuscript contains, the first three have already been printed. The late Dr. Lee, Hebrew Professor at Cambridge, edited and translated the long-lost book of Eusebius on the Theophania, or Divine Manifestation of our Lord; and Dr. P. A. de Lagarde published, at Leipsic and Berlin respectively, Syriac versions of the *Recognitiones* of Clement of Rome, and also of the controversial work of Titus, Bishop of Bostra in Arabia, against the Manichæans. At last, in the volume before us, Dr. Cureton lays before the world an edition and a translation of another lost work by Eusebius, the Bishop of Cæsarea—his contemporary History of certain Martyrs in Palestine. Before we proceed to notice this treatise more particularly, it may be allowed us to recall some particulars as to the remarkable Nitrian manuscript containing it, which we find, not in the volume now under review, but in a former work by Dr. Cureton—his edition of the Festal Letters of Athanasius, which was printed thirteen years ago by the Society for the Publication of Oriental Texts. A more curious history is not to be found in any of the annals of literature.

It is now nearly twenty years ago that Dr. Tattam, who has since been made Archdeacon of Bedford, was commissioned by Government to purchase in Egypt certain Syriac manuscripts which were known to exist in the monastery of S. Maria Deipara, in the valley of Nitria, or of the Natron Lakes. This scholar returned to England

in 1842 with a large collection of most valuable manuscripts, more or less imperfect. His bargain with the monks had been that he should purchase the whole collection; but it was afterwards ascertained that they had concealed and withheld a large part of their library. This fact was brought to light by Mr. Pachó, a native of Alexandria, who had been authorized to make a further search for similar literary treasures in other Egyptian convents. It was in 1847 that this gentleman discovered and procured nearly two hundred volumes from the same house of S. Maria Deipara, whence the first instalment had been obtained. It seems that the monks of this convent, who had contrived to deceive and defraud Dr. Tattam, required very delicate handling before Mr. Pachó could be sure that he had received all the remaining Syriac manuscripts in their possession. However, he was as astute as they were, and the second moiety of the collection was added, after some interval of doubt whether the French Government would not make a larger bid for it, to the first moiety in the British Museum. The literary value of the whole collection is incalculable, and the National Library in which it is deposited has become the richest in the world in Syriac manuscripts.

The particular volume from which the present treatise of Eusebius is taken is perhaps the most curious of the whole number. Dr. Lee, when editing from it the *Theophania* of Eusebius, expressed an opinion that the manuscript must be at least a thousand years old. Afterwards he discovered on the margin of one of the leaves in the body of the volume a transcript of a note of the date of the writing, which added nearly five centuries to the age of the manuscript. He was naturally reluctant to accept so almost fabulous an antiquity, but after weighing the whole question deliberately, he decided that the date was genuine. Dr. Cureton, who, from the peculiar duty which devolved upon him as an assistant keeper of the manuscripts, of examining and arranging the whole collection, had acquired more practical experience than any other scholar as to the quality and condition of the vellum, the color of the ink, and the style of hand-writing, as indications of age, immediately concluded, when he saw this volume, that it was the most ancient one that had ever come

* *History of the Martyrs in Palestine.* By Eusebius, Bishop of Cæsarea. Discovered in a very ancient Syriac Manuscript. Edited and translated into English by William Cureton, D.D., Member of the Imperial Institute of France. London: Williams and Norgate. Paris: Borel. 1861.

into his hands. Judging from no less than sixty dated manuscripts, which ranged from A.D. 1292 up to A.D. 464, he attributed to this particular volume an antiquity of fifty or sixty years above the earliest of the collection. This would give A.D. 414 or 404 as the date of the manuscript—a most close approximation to the truth, for the actual date noted in the margin is, when reduced to modern chronology, A.D. 411.

This marginal note is in itself so curious that our readers may thank us for quoting it, as translated by Dr. Cureton:—

“Behold, my brethren, if it should happen that the end of this ancient book should be torn off and lost, together with the writer’s subscription and termination, it was written at the end of it thus: viz., *that this book was written at Orrhoa, a city of Mesopotamia, by the hands of a man by the name of Jacob, in the year of seven hundred and twenty-three, in the month Tishrin the Latter, it was completed.* And agreeably to what was written there, I have written also here, without addition. And what is here I wrote in the year one thousand and three hundred and ninety-eight of the era of the Greeks.”

These dates answer to A.D. 411, and A.D. 1086, of our era; so that before the close of the eleventh century this manuscript was already regarded as an ancient volume, and the library of this Egyptian monastery was even then we may suppose, falling into a state of neglect. That which the annotator feared actually came to pass. The end of the volume was torn off, and the book was brought to England by Dr. Tattam, and used by Professor Lee, in this imperfect state, with its dated subscription lost. When Mr. Pacho, several years later, brought the remaining Nitrian manuscripts to the British Museum, the missing fragment was found among them; and on the last page Dr. Cureton had the delight of reading the autographic and dated colophon of the original scribe. The history of the book is summed up by Dr. Cureton as follows, not without a certain clumsiness of expression in one or two places:—

“Among all the curiosities of literature, I know of none more remarkable than the fate of this matchless volume. Written in the country which was the birthplace of Abraham, the Father of the Faithful, and the city [Edessa or Orfa] whose king was the first sovereign that embraced Christianity, in the

year of our Lord 411, it was at a subsequent period transported to the valley of the Ascetics in Egypt, probably in A.D. 931, when 250 volumes were collected by Moses of Nisibis during a visit to Bagdad, and presented by him upon his return to the monastery of St. Mary Deipara, over which he presided. In A.D. 1086, some person, with careful foresight, fearing lest the memorial of the transcription of so valuable, beautiful, and even at that remote period so ‘ancient a book,’ should be lost, in order to secure its preservation, took the precaution to copy it into the body of the volume. At how much earlier a period the fears which he had anticipated became realized, I have no means of ascertaining; but, in A.D. 1837, ‘the end of the volume had been torn off,’ and in that state, in A.D. 1839, it was transferred from the solitude of the African desert to the most frequented city in the world. Three years later two of its fragments followed the volume to England; and, in 1847, I had the gratification of recovering almost all that had been lost, and of restoring to its place in this ancient book the transcriber’s own record of the termination of his labors, which, after various fortunes in Asia, Africa, and Europe, has already survived a period of 1436 years.”

It is from this manuscript that Dr. Cureton now prints for the first time a Syriac version of the History of the Martyrs in Palestine, by the famous Eusebius of Cæsarea. That writer, in the eighth book of his Ecclesiastical History, states his intention of compiling a separate narrative of the martyrdoms which he had himself witnessed; and a brief notice, answering to this description, but considered by most critics to be only an abridgment of a lost treatise, is found contained in many manuscript copies of the Ecclesiastical History. We need not discuss here the arguments which led to this conclusion. Suffice it to say that this inference is now become a certainty, since we have here before us, the original treatise, translated into the vernacular language of Palestine, transcribed within seventy years of the death of the author. Dr. Cureton tells us that Stephen Assemani was of opinion that this lost treatise of Eusebius was not improbably written in Syriac, rather than in Greek. But he gives sound arguments against this supposition.

It is disappointing that Dr. Cureton declines the task of discussing thoroughly the question of the exact date of the present

treatise in relation to other works of Eusebius. He contents himself with throwing out suggestions which he hopes that other scholars may take up and fully investigate. However, besides the Syriac text (which is printed in a not very attractive type), and a full English translation, we have a very interesting body of notes, in which the present text is compared not only with Assemani's fragments, but with the abridged Greek of the Ecclesiastical History, and with other notices preserved by ancient writers. In particular, a long passage recounting the Confession of Pamphilus and his companions has been preserved in the original Greek by Simeon Metaphrastes, in the tenth century, and has been translated into Latin, which version is here reprinted for the sake of comparison. Still it is to be regretted that the present editor has not exhausted his subject. In all other respects we owe him thanks for his labor, which we should call scholarly, were it not that he prints all his Greek without accents, and that several Latin words appear without their full number of letters. Perhaps, also, we ought to complain that Dr. Cureton, who lives in London, within reach of so many libraries, should apologize for not referring to a not very rare book, by saying, "I have not the *Acta Martyrum* at hand." We observe, also, an inaccurate reference, which we cannot verify, to the *Bibliotheca Orientalis* of Joseph Assemani.

The interest attaching to the treatise of Eusebius which is now given to the world is chiefly a moral one. It does not contribute many, if any, new facts to our knowledge of the history or the theology of the Church of the fourth century. But it is impressive to read here the record of actual martyrdoms for the faith of Christ which the author witnessed with his own eyes. His narrative, in its simplicity and the general absence of exaggeration, bears upon it the stamp of veracity; and many to whom this volume would be without interest in its critical aspect may find pleasure and profit in the English translation, considered merely as a piece of devotional reading. It is affecting to read the details of the cruel deaths and tor-

ments of the Christian martyrs and confessors who suffered (as Eusebius words it) "in such a year of the persecution in our days,"—the persecution, that is, of Diocletian, beginning in A.D. 303.

In illustration of the details of the martyrdoms here described, Dr. Cureton refers continually to the work of Gallonius, *De Sanctorum Martyrum Cruciatibus*. This book is by no means common; and some extracts from it would have been acceptable. Another curious treatise, that of Hieronymus Magius de Equileo, covers the same ground, and is enriched with copious appendices from Gallonius himself and other writers. In reading the Confession of Pamphilus we are struck with one passage in which Firmilianus, President of Palestine, questions the victim under "the combs and cauteries of fire" as to "what city and in what country was that Jerusalem which was said to belong to the Christians only." It will be remembered that at the time when these martyrdoms took place Jerusalem was known to the Romans by no other name than *Ælia Capitolina*. Here we have an undesigned historical coincidence of great value. We have no wish to distress our readers with extracts describing the horrid tortures to which these Palestinian martyrs, both men and women, were exposed. We will only notice one fact which we do not remember to have seen noticed before. It appears that the victims who were doomed to the *Ludus*—that is, the gladiatorial exhibitions were not immediately taken to the amphitheatre, but were handed over to the *Procuratores* in order to undergo a long course of preparatory training. The Christians, of course, refused to submit to this discipline, and were treated with untold severities for their non-compliance with the rules. It is impossible to close this volume without hoping that the monasteries of the East may afford us yet more of the lost works of antiquity. A distinguished English scholar is understood to have employed the late autumn in a fresh search for such treasures among the convents of Mount Athos.

From The St. James' Magazine.

ISABELL CARR.

By the Author of "Margaret Maitland," etc., etc.

PART II.—CHAPTER I.

THE three days passed in an agony of deliberation and self-counsel. Bell had no friend to go to for advice. The only woman near at hand whom she could have consulted was Marget, whose perplexed advices would have thrown little light upon the subject; and Bell, the only child of her mother, had been too much accustomed to depend on that sole and closest counsellor to be able to turn to other aids when she was no longer at hand. Though a greater part of the inhabitants of the parish were Carrs, the household of Whinnyrig had no relative nearer than distant cousins, and Andrew Carr was too ungenial and self-willed a man to have kept up any warm degree of friendship with the scattered branches of his race. Bell was alone in the kindly countryside, though every "neighbor" at kirk and market knew her, and hailed with friendly greetings the motherless young woman. She had to take counsel of her own heart as she went, active but silent—her presence no longer betraying itself, as it once did, in involuntary, unconscious songs and laughter—about the little farmyard. She attended to the "beasts" and the house, made her father's dinner, and "suppered" her cows, and darned her stockings, with an ache in her heart and a throb of painful thought in her mind. Pondering over and over again, no light came over that dark matter. Bell's character was not without a capacity of sacrifice; but it did not occur to her to sacrifice her honest heart and true love to her father's arbitrary mandate. That was simply impossible to the straightforward imagination of the country girl. Willie might be forgetful—might be dead; she might never so much as hear his name again; but the casuistry of a romantic contract, by which a bride of higher education and more refined habits of thought might have been beguiled—the idea of confiding to her future husband the fact that she had no heart to give him, or of resigning herself to his love for her father's sake, was out of the question to her plain, simple understanding. Jamie Lowther would have comprehended no such compact—Jamie Lowther, indifferent to any refinement of affection, yet bit-

terly jealous of preference, would under such circumstances have savagely married, loved, hated, and cursed her, with a sullen consciousness of injury amid his selfish passion; and Bell would have felt herself no delicate martyr, but a perjured soul—a woman self-soiled and desecrated. Such was the plain aspect matters took to her unsophisticated mind. To adopt this revolting expedient never once occurred to her. Nothing, not even filial duty, could excuse or justify such a falsehood. Bell's thoughts indeed could scarcely be called deliberations. She pondered painfully what she should do in the event of being turned from her father's door. She never even accepted as possible the idea that she might change her mind in respect to her unwelcome lover, or be induced to marry one man while her heart was occupied with another. That piece of wrong-doing, so often justified and called by dainty names, was inconceivable and impossible to Bell.

But the three days passed, and Andrew Carr still asked no more questions of his daughter. They took their meals together with very little conversation. Simple domestic references now and then, communications about the milk and butter, served as a thread of human intercourse to make their life tolerable; but conversation, which is always scant in their class, was next to unknown, except in moments of passion or elevated feeling, in the silent house of the Dumfriesshire farmer. This peculiarity, the result in the present as in many other cases of a higher tone of mind than usual, and a fastidious reserve in the expression of sentiment which is almost peculiar to the Scotch character, made it more difficult to enter upon subjects of interest beyond the everyday routine, and was an absolute protection to Bell in her loneliness. She knew, and her father knew, that when that matter was returned to and the ice once broken, the very excess of reserve in both their minds would overthrow all ordinary boundaries, and no compromise be possible. And perhaps the old man, when he had once expressed what was in his mind, was glad to leave the matter, and suffer time to work what persuasion or force might not accomplish. At all events, he did not hold to his word so far as this limit of time was concerned. The subject was tacitly dropped, though never forgotten. Both were invol-

untarily aware that neither had changed, and that when the inevitable moment came a final struggle must ensue: but, with some touch of natural feeling or tenderness unusual to his character, Andrew Carr deferred that hour. He sat in his arm-chair within the glow of the red peat-fire through the long summer evenings—sat and talked slowly at intervals with James Lowther, who frequented the place almost as regularly as the evening came, and whom Bell, seated by the window, mending or making, with the dark moss gleaming before her in the wistful distance, and all the changing glories of the summer-evening sky above, steadily refused to notice. They were a singular group, all self-concentrated and individualized by the wonderful reserve which enveloped them, and by the passions which lay hidden, yet not imperceptible, behind that veil. Of the three, Bell suffered most, in the tedious and galling restraint to which she was subjected. The very vivacity of her feminine perceptions told against her in contrast with the steadier persistence of her companions. She was ready to have flung up her weapons and fled from the field with womanish impatience, while they stood obstinately to their point, secure of overcoming her. In the silence of the homely room, all reddened with the glow of the peat-fire, yet with the calm, cool evening light coming sweetly in through the uncurtained window, a close observer might have heard, through the tedious, dropping talk, the loud heart-beats of the humble heroine, whose female temper and constancy were being tried to desperation, and to whom the very presence of this lover, not to speak of his lowering, fiery looks of love and resentment, was intolerable. But Bell could not help herself—could not run away, as her impulse was, from that stake. The want of “a woman-body about the house” had made itself pathetically apparent to Bell in various ways since her return. Her homely practical eyes saw, as clearly as if but cattle and housewifery had been before them, that the lonely household could not go on long under the old man’s stern but failing sway, and that his speculations and his parsimonies had become alike wayward and uncertain, and would soon wear out, if they had not already worn out, the slender substance painfully gathered through a toiling lifetime, which Bell did not contemplate with the eyes

of a possible heiress, but with the more keen and painful gaze of a poor man’s daughter, anxiously concerned lest there should not always be enough to satisfy all claims. This new fear, first suggested by Marget Brown, rejected, reconsidered, trembled over for many an hour since, added an additional pang of pain and uncertainty to all Bell’s embarrassments. She watched the tone of James Lowther’s address to her father—the manner of Andrew Carr’s response. Dread pictures of dismal rural bankruptcy arose upon her troubled mind. She would not leave the old man, whatever she might suffer. So she sat, agitated but silent, often roused to the wildest impatience, yet always restraining herself—perceiving with intolerable indignation and offence that her suitor began to take courage, and to look upon her with a certain satisfied glance of ownership, and that both her father and he were confident in their power of overcoming her opposition. She perceived all this, and did not take it meekly, patience not being a prominent quality in this young woman’s character; but at the same time it is not to be denied that her heart and strength rallied to the struggle with a certain rising flush of resistance and pugnacity. She retreated into dreams and visions, as she sat by the clear wistful window, with all the evening light glimmering and changing outside—not visions such as she had once indulged in, of the absent sailor coming, indignant in all the force of truth and virtue, to clear his reputation and claim his bride. Such dreams had long proved themselves vain. Bell closed her lips tight when Willie’s never-spoken name came to them involuntarily in irrestrainable appeals from her heart, and turned aside to cogitate painful plans of household thrift and labor, of butter-making, and all the uses of the “milkness,” which had not been put to full profit in past days. If her father was indeed in the power of Jamie Lowther, what a triumph to set him clear of those toils, and restore that independence which was life and breath to the stern old man! With a certain stern satisfaction, which proved her share in her father’s temper, Bell betook herself to labor through the day and plans by night. They might turn her evening rest into a species of torture for her high spirit and lively temper—they might take what little comfort

there was in it out of her toilsome courageous life, but they could neither overcome Bell's resolution nor drive her from her post. In this indomitable spirit she hardened herself against the perpetual persecution; and it was thus, in an activity that admitted little leisure, and with a firmness that knew no wavering, that the summer passed away.

CHAPTER II.

"THE auld man's weel eneuch," said James Lowther, in his deep voice, with his head bent, and his eyes gleaming up from under his heavy eyebrows. "He's—weel, he's *your* faither, Bell. Maist women would gie a man a blink of kindness for pleasuring their kin—but there's nae pleasuring you. I dinna gang a' the gate to Whinnyrig, night after night, for a twa-handed crack wi' Andrew Carr. A' the parish kens that, if you dinna; and if I am never to get word or look o' you—"

"Ye never shall, and that ye ken—mair than what's ceevil," cried Bell, the words bursting from her in spite of herself.

"Ceevil!" cried the baffled lover, with a muttered oath: "if I sought ceevility I could gang other places; there's leddies in this countryside, though ye mayna think it, that wouldna object to Broomlees—but a man canna resist his fortune. It's you I want, though you're but a servant lass, and your faither a ruined man—and it's you I'll have, for a' your ceevility and unceevility, whether you will or no. So, Bell, it's nae use struggling; it's far mair suitable for me and better for you to make up your mind."

"Never! if it was my last breath!" cried Bell, with all the intensity of passion.

The two stood in the midst of the calmest Sabbatical landscape; distant chimes of church-bells in the air, and all the hushed tranquillity of an autumn afternoon—a Sunday afternoon—the crown of dreamy, meditative quiet brooding over the scene. They were on the borders of the moor, on a by-road which wound through an old plantation towards the kirk-going path. Bell had been on her way to church when her solitude was suddenly intruded upon by her desperate lover. She stood now arrested—half by his presence, half by the long shoots of brambles which encumbered the way and caught at her black dress. As she confronted him, indignant and determined, she occupied her-

self, with a certain scornful indifference to him in the midst of her displeasure which did not fail to strike the disconcerted wooer, in freeing herself from the brambles. The motion was trifling in itself, but it exasperated Lowther. His love and rage boiled over in a sudden explosion,—

"Eh, woman! if I didna like ye ower weel for ony man's comfort, I would hate ye like murder!" cried Jamie. "To see you standing there dauring me, with your hands among the bramble-bushes, and no condescending so muckle as a glance to see the mischief you and the likes of you can do in a man's heart! But I wouldna bid ye gang ower far!" said the baffled lover, lifting his thundery eyebrows to emit a glare of passionate light out of eyes full of mingled fondness and fury. "I'm in that condition, with a' I've come through, that I'm as like to do ye an injury as a pleasure. Nicht after nicht ye've seen me sit, and never spent a word on me. I'm no as patient as Job, and he never was in love with a thrwart lass that I ever heard o'. It's best for yourself, if ye kent a', that ye dinna drive a man ower far."

"A woman may be driven ower far as weel as a man," answered Bell indignantly; "I want naething to say to you, Jamie Lowther; I'm just a servant lass, as you say, and nae match for a grand gentleman like young Broomlees. I ask nae service at your hands but just to let me be—and as for injury—"

"I would take time to think ower that!" cried the exasperated lover; "there's no anither fool in the countryside would let you off as I do. Here am I, that might be maister and mair, coming about Whinnyrig like a ploughman lad, with my hat in my hand, aye looking for a pleasant word, when I might turn ye a' to the door, and take the bread out o' your mouths, and bring ye to your knees, Bell Carr—ay, and will, if ye dinna mend."

Bell lifted her eyes steadily upon him, growing pale, but not wavering. "Maybe ye ken what you mean yourself;" she said, with a subdued but defiant voice; "it's past my finding out. I never yet heard that love and ill-will could live together; and as for bringing me to my knees, ye'll do mony a greater thing, Jamie Lowther, before ye'll do that!"

"If you kent what I can do, you would

take mony a thought before you daured me to it," said Lowther, fiercely. "I can do you and yours mair mischief than a' your friends can mend."

"Dinna speak to me!" cried Bell, roused entirely beyond her self-control. "Do I no ken what you can do already? You can slander an honest lad and break an innocent lassie's heart. You can send them away ower land and seas that ye're no worthy to be named beside. Ye can make them desolate that never harmed nor minted harm at you. You've done your warst lang, lang ere now, Jamie Lowther, and what you can do mair is as little matter to me as this bram'le thorn. Say or do as you like, the warst's done; and those that have borne the warst are free of fear. Since you've made me ower late for the kirk, I'm gaun hame."

Saying which, Bell turned majestically back, and threaded her way firmly and swiftly through the narrow paths, all slippery with the spiky leaflets of fir which lay in heaps, the growth of successive years. Prepared to oppose her onward progress, Lowther was quite disconcerted by this sudden return. He stood gazing after her with a blank look of mortification and disappointment, taken by surprise—then made a few hurried steps in pursuit—then paused, thinking better of it. He watched till her figure, elastic yet substantial, had reached the rising slope which led to Whinnyrig. Then he turned back, and went away in the opposite direction, with troubled looks and a heart ill at ease. He could not defend himself from those continued rebuffs by the simple but difficult expedient of withdrawing his unwelcome attentions, and leaving the unwilling object of his affections at rest. He would make her as uneasy as himself, and destroy her peace, as she had destroyed his. That was the only expedient which occurred to him; and, secure of having increased Bell's unhappiness, however little he might have lightened his own, he went home, gloomily pondering extreme measures; but only to return, when the early autumn twilight fell, to linger about the open door from which the firelight shone, to be asked in as usual by Andrew Carr's gruff voice—to sit in sight of that silent figure, in every movement of which he could trace a swell of indignation and resentment not yet calmed down—to find even the ordinary "good-night" denied him when

he went lingeringly away, and to spend hours in the darkness, framing the plans of his revenge—that revenge which was at once to punish and subdue the object of all his thoughts—to bring Bell Carr to her knees and to his heart.

For, with the inconsiderateness of passion, Lowther did not perceive how unlikely these two results were, and how unaccordant with each other. He had a certain power over the fortunes of this defiant, resisting girl. He did not concern himself with any unnecessary metaphysics concerning the effect of a father's ruin upon his daughter's heart. He was not seeking her heart; he wanted herself—however, he could have her, whether she would or not, as he himself expressed it. When the little household was desolate and friendless, then Bell would be but too glad to marry him, he concluded, with a common coarseness not confined to any one class of men. He pondered how he was to do it with a fierce satisfaction. He loved her, yet he would not spare her a single sting of the punishment he had in store. He cursed her at the height of his passion, and vowed she should suffer for all her freaks and haughtiness. But in the midst of all his schemes of revengeful love, that strange element of ignorance ran through the elaborate but, abortive scheme. He knew nothing of the creature he pursued with such unrelenting fondness. The idea of her standing at bay, refusing to yield, despising him the more for his power and the use he made of it, did not enter into his comprehension. He laid all his plans on a small scale, as any tyrant might have laid them on a great scale—calculating everything with the utmost nicety except the one thing which by a touch could upset all other calculations—that human heart, wonderfulest agency, which will answer to no abstract rule, but has to be considered through complex shades of individuality, incomprehensible to lovers as to kings.

CHAPTER III.

It may be supposed that this Sabbath evening contained little comfort for poor Bell, in the seclusion of her chamber and of her heart. When the evening prayers were over, and her father had gone to his early rest, Bell, glad yet terrified to be alone, stood by her own little attic window and leaned out to court the night breeze which sighed round the lonely house. There was

no moon visible, but the subdued lightness in the air told that somewhere in the clouded firmament that hidden light was shining, and the wind sighed out pathetic admonitions of the coming rain. Bell leant out, looking sadly upon the familiar landscape—the long stretch of the moon falling blank into the darkness, the trees of the little plantation in which that interview had taken place bending and swaying in the breeze; the little cottage of Robert Brown, all shut up and silent in the early conclusion of the day of rest—all the children safe asleep, and the laborious pair making up the waste and toil of the week in the additional repose which crowned with an external benediction the spiritual quiet of the weekly holiday: and, above the stillness of the cottage, the dark farmhouse all shut up and silent too, so far as appeared, with those wistful young eyes gazing out into the darkness upon that indefinite cloud of ruin which drew nearer and nearer—ruin hard to be understood or identified, yet coming with a slow inevitable progress. Bell's heart beat loud in her troubled breast. That unformed shadowy presence darkly approaching roused mingled terrors and resistance and an overwhelming excitement in her mind. It seemed impossible to go quietly to rest and rise quietly to labor while every hour brought ruin and shame nearer to the devoted house. What if one sat and watched and forestalled its coming, presenting always a dumb front of defiance to the misfortune which should crush neither heart nor spirit! Alas! it might crush neither spirit nor heart in her own young indomitable bosom; but what of the old man, struck to the soul in that profound pride of his—the only passion which had outlived all the dulling influences of age! Bell shuddered, and withdrew from the thought as it came before her. She clasped her hands tight, and drew a long, sighing breath. She thought of the cows taken from the byer and the sheep from the hill—of Robert Brown's cart, with his furniture and his children, going sadly down the brae, and all the household gods of Whinnyrig turned outside to the cold daylight and pitiless eyes of country purchasers. The shame of it was quite enough to wring the heart of the country girl on her own account; but *she* could go forth erect and undaunted, too young and brave to be overcome even by such a misfortune. It was hard, but not fatal to Bell.

She turned from her own view of the matter with a mournful outbreak of love and awe and pity. "The auld man! oh, the auld man!" cried Bell to herself, wringing her hands in an agony. Would he die of it, in the passionate despair of sublimated pride and poverty? Would he live heartbroken—shamed, in the dismal woe of old age? Once more Bell wrung her hands. It was too dreadful to speculate upon. She turned away from that picture with a suppressed sob of excitement and terror. Andrew Carr had been a just man all his life—severe but just, wronging no man, serving God after his fashion. Feeling the intolerableness of this misery, Bell caught with a sobbing panic at the protection of Heaven; though we all know how seldom Providence affords these miraculous protections—how often God, in the calm of that Divine composure which knows of no better blessings than earthly in reserve for his servants, permits the heaviest downfalls; yet Nature always, true, but short-sighted, makes her infallible appeal to that one sure hope—God will deliver! Bell bent her hot eyes into her hands and leaned against the rough edge of the thatch which, somehow, by the prick of natural contact, gave a certain ease to her thoughts. *There* was the only hope! Something might yet occur to prevent the approaching overthrow—Providence itself might interpose!

When Bell lifted her head, a pale gleam of light from the hidden moon was slanting with a mystic whiteness over the dark moor. In that track of light moved the figure of a man. She watched, with a certain wild thrill—half of curiosity, half of fright. Was it some wandering stranger merely, late out, unaware of the habitudes of the country, in the sacred calm of Sabbath night? Was it Jamie Lowther, whom love and revenge forbade to rest! She watched, with her heart beating louder and louder. The figure drew nearer, with lingering, uncertain steps—disappeared in the plantation, while Bell stood breathless—came out again into the pale, luminous darkness, slowly ascending the brae. No dog barked nor creature stirred about Whinnyrig. Did these footsteps wake no sound in the still dim world that breathed about the lonely wayfarer? O Heaven! it was not Jamie Lowther, with his fiery love and hate—it was no stranger belated on that moor. It

was some one who knew the way, lingering at every familiar turn, casting wistful looks at every well-known bush and tree. Did that gait and step, which Bell, who could not breathe, watched in such an agony of recognition, belong to any living man?—the noiseless footsteps falling without sound or echo into the palpitating stillness! She stretched out her arms wildly, in an agony of joy and terror. If it was he what did it matter to Bell whether it was spirit or man? But her parched lips could not form the agonized inquiry that rose to them. At that overpowering moment, when, had she but been strong enough, another breath would have brought her to speech of Willie, living or dead, Bell fell down upon the bare floor of her solitary room. She fell there with a sob that caught no ear in the silent house, and lay all insensible and out of reach, whatever happened, unwitting whether precious support of love had come to her in her extremity, or whether a wandering apparition had mocked her with a glimpse of the unseen. Dread helplessness of flesh and blood! She could not bear that unspeakable strain of emotion. Just upon that moment at which the sight might have become ineffable, the mortal creature's vision failed her. She fell, and lay blank, in utter unconsciousness, then wrestling with the dreadful fancies which herald returning life; when she came to herself, deep darkness and stillness was over the external world—nothing moved, nothing appeared in the dewy, gloomy landscape—the very wind had sighed itself to sleep in the hush of the pastoral Sabbath. Bell gazed out of her window with strained eye, unable to rouse herself from the trance of watching, for half the night. But she saw nothing heard nothing;—only at length, when the vigil was over, the quiver of rising light in the east, the distant cock-crowing over the far country:—the night, wrapping all mysteries in its bosom of darkness, was over. The loud day, all busy and unthoughtful, had begun.

CHAPTER IV.

THAT day was to be an era in the life of Isabel Carr. Sleepless and excited, yet constrained to conceal her excitement in the calm ordinary garb of life, she went down to the common labor which seems so strangely unconcordant with the high climaxes of suffering and passion. The country

girl, if she felt it irksome a little, saw nothing startling in the contrast. She went outside to the cows; she caressed the calf she was training; she talked about the common matters of the house to Marget, who came to help in some of the operations of the dairy. Even to Marget she did not venture to speak of the wonderful vision of last night. In her own heart the remembrance throbbed with a force which kept her pulse beating as if in a fever. So wonderfully did she feel the flood of the life-torrent in her veins, that, in the height of her health and unconscious vigor, Bell paused to lay her finger on her pulse and listen to the loud palpitation of her heart, with a wistful passing wonder whether she was going to be ill and die. That would be an unthought-of solution of the mystery; and why, indeed, was that Appearance sent, if not with some such end? She paused at the door as she came to and fro, and gazed at that spot where, last night—last night!—crown of life over which life paused, as if it could go no further. What was it that stood there in the silence? And Bell, who dared not ask, much less answer the question, turned away to her dairy-work, with a sigh that came echoing deep out of the depths of her heart.

Matters were going on thus—the work progressing, the heart throbbing, the solemn day swelling into noon—when Bell, looking out from the house door, saw another sight upon the path. Not the Appearance, whatever it was—only two figures, entirely familiar and unmysterious—Jamie Lowther, in his Sabbath dress, as if coming on weighty occasion, and her father, walking slowly, with his head bent, and a certain air of dogged firmness in his aspect, by the young man's side. The sight of them advancing together at this unusual hour—the farmer from his fields, the lover at a time when no Annandale man dreams of making love—brought back all the early visions of the previous night to Bell; she stood still; and recollected herself with a painful necessary effort. She put away from her mind all the mystic thrills with which that midnight apparition had filled her. Now the crisis she had foreseen was coming. She went solemnly into the house, promising to her heart, which could not detach itself from throes absorbing thoughts, that by and by they two should return together to that precious

region of dreams; but in the mean time something had to be done. She stood at the door of the great kitchen, holding it open—though it was always open, and the motion was one of excitement and not one of necessity—to let her father and his companion pass in. Then she took up her post at the window, standing there, with her face paled by thought and restrained feeling, and her wistful eyes seeking that landscape out of doors which had formed the background to the wonderful picture last night. In her abstracted eye and pre-occupied look, the least close observer might have read that something had happened to Bell—something that delivered her out of the extreme personal interest she had in this business about to be transacted. Her black dress was laid away along with her Sabbath-day leisure. She stood in her striped petticoat and pink short gown, with her apron tied around her firm, round waist, in all her rural beauty, vigor, and health, but with a mystic visionary shadow on her which neither of the spectators could comprehend. They looked at her, both in the momentary pause. There she stood who could avert ruin and misery—who could, at no greater cost than that of heart and life, satisfy the young man's fierce love and console the old man's wounded pride. Young, and a woman, could she resist doing it? Life and Heart are so little against wild Love and Pride; and but for the two other invisible champions of Truth and Honesty on either side of her—not to speak of that spiritual visitant last night—Bell's heart might indeed have faltered and given way.

"Noo, Jamie Lowther, say out your say," said the old farmer of Whinnyrig; "you've brought me here in the mid-hour of day to settle your affairs with Bell. I might have been better pleased, and so might the lass, if ye hadna askit my help. But we're a' here, and time runs on; say out what you have to say."

"It is awfu' easy speaking," said Lowther, with a little sullenness; "you say 'to settle my affairs with Bell.' I never yet askit an auld man's help to court a bonnie lass. It's my affairs with you I want to settle. You ken ye're in my power; I've waited lang, and got little ceevility frae ony here. A man's patience doesna last forever. You maun either settle auld ac-

counts with me, Andrew Carr, or ye maun look to be rouped out of Whinnyrig. I maun either have money or money's worth; dilly-dallying like this is no for me."

The old man raised up his head, which had been bent in despondent quietness, and gazed with wonder and half-comprehension on the excited speaker. At the first hearing he did not understand. No voice like this had addressed Andrew Carr in his own house for years.

"Bell!" said the father, with a strange wonder. It was an appeal to her—not to interpose to save him, but to interpret whether this insolent address was real. He had quite well known and agreed in the tacit compact that his daughter's hand was to purchase his own deliverance from the power of his creditor: but such a statement of the original case startled and stung his proud spirit. It was nothing about Bell—it was a demand for the bond, the pound of flesh—an attempt to humiliate and force the reluctant daughter into payment of her father's debt. A certain heat came slowly upon his aged face. Lowther, totally unaware of the spirit he was rousing—bent solely upon his own plan—determined to bring Bell to her knees and humble her before he accepted her—proceeded to carry out his design in his own way.

"You're weel aware what I mean," he said. "If Bell disna ken, it's no my blame. Ye became caution for Thomas Brown at the bank, and I paid the siller when he ran away. Ye were behindhand with the rent, and I made it up. Ye sell't your beasts badly because you would take nae advice, and I helpit to stock the byer again. If it's no a' true, ye can contradict me. But I'm to get naething back in return—no a ceevil word—no a kind look out of a lass' e'e. If I'm no to have what I wanted, I'll take what I can; and, Andrew Carr, I'm saying ye'll settle your affairs with me."

Bell's abstraction had yielded to the painful interest of this colloquy. With the color warming on her cheek, and the wildest tumult in her heart, she turned from the speaker to the listener. She saw the gleams of passion in James Lowther's eyes—passion—love which was almost hatred—and trembled with a momentary womanish terror at the power he wielded. Then she turned her gaze upon her father. The old man had

risen up from his chair: his face was red with a flush of unusual rage and energy; his gray eyes burned under their shaggy eyelashes. If he did not speak, it was rather because he had too much than too little to say. There was a momentary silence, Lowther having discharged his arrow. Then, with a quick, faltering step, Andrew Carr strode forward to his antagonist. He was trembling with rage and excitement—words would not come from his lips.

"Go—go forth of my door!" stammered the furious old man. "Gang forth, sir, out of my house! Bell!—Whinnyrig is yours and mine at this moment. Turn him out of my door. Siller!—he shall have his siller, if I beg from house to house. Affairs!—Gang forth, I say to you, out of my door!"

He had clutched at Lowther's sleeve, and with the vehemence of age, dragged him out of his chair. It was no contemptible hand, though it was old. The younger man, startled and furious, vainly tried to shake off that passionate grasp. They struggled together for a moment—Bell, struck dumb by the encounter, not attempting to interfere. But the fiery energy of the insulted patriarch was no match for the steady resistance of his antagonist. Lowther planted his feet firm on the ground, extricated himself and stood defiant. The two who had come in together amicable and allied, confronted each other with mutual passion. Bell said nothing—scarcely breathed; the matter was taken out of her hands.

"It's a' true I've said," said the creditor, sullenly, "and I'll no be turned out of the house where everything belongs to mysel'. There's anither way to settle, if ye like; but I warn ye, Andrew Carr—"

"Gang out of my house!" shouted the indignant old man. "Will I sell him my ain flesh and blood, does the devil think? Ye shall have your siller. Gang out of my house, ye sneering Satan! Bell, call the lads: am I to be insulted on my ain hearth-stane? Bell, I'm saying! Ay, Willie, Willie, ye've come in time! Turn him out o' my doors!"

Some one else was in the darkened apartment. Bell could not see who, or how he came. She only perceived the large old frame totter, the darkening fall like a great tower, of the heavy figure. That paroxysm had been too much for the old man. Age

had sapped the ancient strength, and Passion had completed the ruin. He fell, putting forth the feeble arm once so mighty, to thrust his cruel creditor out of his sight. His daughter could not tell what was happening in that moment of terror. While she raised his head and unloosed his handkerchief from his neck, Bell was only aware of an ineffable consolation that stole through her heart, and strengthened, even in their tremor, her hands and her soul. She heard a voice she had not heard for years. She felt a presence in the apartment, somehow pervading it, though she did not see him. What did it matter—spirit or man? She was rapt into regions above common reason. Life and Death—Love and Sorrow, standing close about her, transported the young woman out of ordinary fear and wonder. She could have believed those were spiritual hands that helped her with her burden: she was content to believe it. She asked no questions—felt no surprise. In the moment of her extremity he was there who had vowed to stand by her in all the chances of her life. He was standing by her and her heart was strong.

CHAPTER V.

THE doctor had come and gone. The old man was speechless, but calm, half-slumbering, half-unconscious in his bed. Whether he would die or live no one could tell: most likely he was to die; for age is weak to contend with sudden disease and rapid passion. He lay in unlooked-for ruin, like an ancient tower, and the aspect of the homely farmhouse was suddenly changed from that of every-day labor to that absorbed pre-occupation which subordinates everything to the present sickness and coming death.

Bell had come into the kitchen, to prepare some necessary comfort, from the inner room where her father lay. She started with a violent tremor to see James Lowther still standing in the scene of that encounter and downfall. It was strange to see him there with that same atmosphere of fury, love, and passion about him, after *all that had happened*. Bell did not feel she was treading on common ground—the dead had come alive, and the living had been stricken that day. It was a solemn day, far separated from yesterday and all the past. And what did her disappointed lover here, looking just as he had looked in the common life?

"So!" he said, with a long breath, as she involuntarily paused before him, "you've gotten back your joe!"

"What did you say?" asked Bell; her mind too much lifted out of ordinary talk or thoughts to understand what he meant.

"You've gotten back your joe," said Lowther, fiercely, "he's come hame like ither dyvours; and you think you can scorn me safely noo. But I tell you it's a' Willie can do to look after himself—and as for you and the auld man, if ye gang on your knees to me I'll no alter noo. I'll take the bed from under him afore I'll let ye triumph over me. The auld man's bankrupt, as I warned ye yestreen. Ye can leave him on the parish and gang off with your joe, for ye'll get neither charity nor help frae me."

"Jamie!" cried a voice of warning from the door.

And Bell lifted her eyes. There he stood—the Appearance of last night—no apparition or spirit—glowing with indignation, love, and succor. She gave a cry such as never had escaped her in all her anguish, and covered her face with her hands. She did not even say his name. She did not care to ask a question. The cloud floated away from her heart with all its mystic consolations. Willie was there! That was consolation enough. She did not pause longer, but went away to her sick-room and her filial service. No dallying—no indulgence, however lawful, was becoming at that moment. She went with a light foot, restored to reality, serene and hopeful. Willie was there! explanations might come afterwards; light had come back to her eyes and confidence to her heart.

"She gangs to her duty without a question," said the stranger, with loving admiration. "Jamie, there's nae place for you in this house of trouble. I'm here! Ye've slandered me, but that I'll forgive ye. Ye've deceived me about her, and that I canna forgie myself that should have kenned better; but if there's a heart of flesh in ye, gang out of this house!"

"No till the house is roupit, and the haill stock o' ye ruined!" cried Lowther with a furious oath.

The sailor said no more. He seized his cousin by the arm, compressing it unawares in his passionate grasp. The two might have struggled into bloodshed before they

were aware, with so much injury on one side, and so much guilt and jealousy on the other. But, as they stood eying each other, the inner door opened again, and a sight appeared that made them drop asunder, gazing with speechless wonder and fear. It was Andrew Carr leaning on his daughter's arm—tottering, yet upright, with bloodless face, and large bright eyes flickering in their sockets. With one arm he held Bell—the other hung useless, with its large hand pallid as death through all the browning of toil. Those eyes, which gazed but saw nothing—those shuffling, helpless feet—that large, old, tottering, broken figure impressed the young man like the very presence of Death. He went forward blindly, half supported by Bell—half dragging her on. "Lads, it's the Sabbath night, and time to gang a' to your beds. Fare ye weel—fare ye weel! Gang on before for it's mirk-night I'll but gie ae look to the stars, and then to my rest," said the voice of the dying man. Nobody could disobey those words. The young men stole out before him, not venturing to look at each other. He went blindly to the door, feebler and feebler, and sank on the stone bench outside, dragging his terrified daughter with him. Then he lifted his sightless eyes to the sky, which shone in the full glory of day. "Dark—dark—but the moon's near her rising; and your mither's lang o' coming, Bell," said Andrew Carr. His great gray head drooped down upon his breast; and while the young hearts palpitated and the young breath went and came, and those three figures round him had scarcely counted out other three seconds of their full existence, the life was ended and the spirit gone!

Quiet fell after that upon the house of Whinnyrig. The death-dwelling was saved. But when it came to be known how the old man met his death, James Lowther, of Broomlees, found few smiles and fewer friends in the indignant countryside. The picturesque figure of the old farmer, severe and morose while he lived, detached itself in a kind of tragic splendor from the surrounding landscape when he was gone—and in the mournful regard which reverted to him at last, people bethought themselves remorsefully of the young sailor condemned unheard. When Willie Lowther's story was told, his cousin's place in popular estimation

sank still further. It was Broomlees and not Whinnyrig finally that was "roupit," not for poverty, but for disgust and warfare with all the world. Bell's disappointed lover, who had lied and schemed and almost murdered for her sake, went sullenly off to Australia, a broken man. Her sailor's story was heard with tears, and volunteered excuses for his long silence and despair. He had missed Bell's letter, till, returning to the Naval Hospital, where he had lain ill for months, he found it yellow and worn waiting him, contradicting his cousin's evil report and calling him home.

"And was it you that came out of the moonlight that Sabbath night, or was it an

Appearance out of heaven?" said Bell. "I feared no man more—I kent it was the Lord himself that sent deliverance. But, Willie, it wasna you?"

"It was me and Death," said the sailor. "He would never have yielded to own me till death was upon him. We came together to your father's door."

"God forgive me!—if it was death to him it was life to me—twa angels!" said Bell, with tears. The tears fell in a gush of mournful tenderness on the old man's grave: but brightened with involuntary rainbow gleams in the eyes of the recovered sailor's bride.

The Romance of a Dull Life. By the Author of "Morning Clouds." London: Longman.

THIS story has a good deal of cleverness in it; and a knowledge of human nature very much above the average. Constance Felton, a young lady, lives with her parents in a secluded old manor-house, where they are obliged to practise a host of those petty economies which break the spirits, and dash the self-confidence of young people more, perhaps, than any other trial in the world. Seldom to go out, and then in a shabby dress; never to see money spent freely as a thing of no consequence; always to feel the pressure of narrow means, showing themselves in bad fires, cold dinners, and low spirits, constitute a terrible ordeal for either girl or boy to go through. But it is far worse for the girl, to whom the elegancies of life are so much more than to a boy. Well this is the situation of Constance Felton, and the whole volume is occupied with exhibiting it from different points of view. Her own feelings on various occasions, more especially when invited to stay among fashionable people in a gay house, are most admirably described. So also is one of her friends, a Mrs. Podmore, whose egotistical selfishness is painted to the life. "'I do so admire a rose!' she would say, in tones which seemed to imply that she had a monopoly of pleasure in it, and that it had fulfilled its destiny in pleasing her." This is capital. At the same time it must be confessed that the book is a most depressing one to read. There is not a gleam of sunshine through it from beginning to end. Constance's only love affair ends badly, and she settles down into an old maid, finding contentment apparently, if not cheerfulness, in becoming her father's housekeeper.—*Spectator.*

THE prices occasionally paid for advertisements may suggest some curious reflections. Her Majesty's Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1862 received last week offers for the wrappers of the two shilling Catalogues, the printing of which we have already announced as having been arranged for; and we understand that Mr. Bennett, the watchmaker, has been a successful bidder for the back page of each of these Catalogue wrappers, having paid for the two the sum of one thousand guineas. The Accidental Death Assurance Company have also obtained the last page but one, at the price of £600; and Messrs. Chappell & Co., of Bond Street, get a page at back of title in each Catalogue, having also paid £600.

THE private munificence which has furnished Liverpool with a Natural History Museum, a Free Library, a noble edifice to contain the latter, and a Gallery of Inventions, has crowned the good work by the founding of a School of Science. This last was inaugurated on Thursday, with much appropriate ceremony. Mr. Gladstone, at the public meeting which took place in the afternoon, aptly showed to the diffident, that the triumphs of science were effected by the application of experience gained in the contemplation of natural objects. The shell of the lobster suggested the strong tube to Watt; the earthworm, the Tunnel, to Brunel; the bird's wing produced the oar; the gyrations of a hawk, the wheel; while the plow was founded on intelligent observation of certain practices of the pig!

From The New Monthly Magazine.
QUEEN HORTENSE.

RECENTLY great sensation was excited among English readers by the publication of the life of that great and good woman, the Duchess of Orleans. In our present paper we propose to run through the life-history of another very remarkable woman, the mother of the present emperor of the French, whose memory has been strangely disregarded in this country. We are therefore glad to see a memoir of her announced in the papers, and, *en attendant*, offer our readers the following details:—

Hortense was the daughter of Viscount de Beauharnois, who had married, against the wish of his relatives, Mademoiselle Tascher de la Pagerie, of Martinique. The marriage was an unhappy one, and it was only the fact of two children being born to them that prevented their separation. At last the disputes became so violent that the wife determined to return to her island home, taking her little daughter with her. Ere long, however, the revolution reached Martinique, and Josephine had to fly with Hortense, and with great difficulty escaped on board a merchantman while the maternal house was burning. On her return to Paris, the viscount for a long time refused to see her, but, by the intercession of friends, they were brought together again, only to be parted and forever by the revolution.

The viscount received a high command in the republican army, but, being denounced as an aristocrat, was sent to prison and condemned to death. Josephine interceded on his behalf, and the result was that she in her turn was shut up in the prison of Sainte-Pélagie. The children would have starved, had it not been for the kindness of a Madame Holstein, who, at her own peril, gave them shelter. Josephine was herself condemned to the guillotine, and would doubtless have shared her husband's fate, had it not been for the downfall of Robespierre. She quitted the prison, but it was as a beggar.

Josephine found a kind friend, however, in Madame Tallien, who interceded with her husband to remove the sequestration from the Beauharnois estates, and in the mean while invited the family frequently to dinner, on the stipulation that they brought their own bread, which was an article of luxury in

Paris, as it threatens to become again ere long. On many occasions, however, Josephine was too poor to buy bread, and had to depend for her supply on the charity of friends. When her estates were restored her, all this changed: Eugène doffed his blouse and gave up the carpentry trade to begin his military education, while Hortense remained with her mother, and enjoyed the advantage of the best masters Paris could produce.

It was at Madame Tallien's house that Josephine met Napoleon, and formed a strong attachment for the young general, in spite of the warnings of her friends, who saw in him a soldier and nothing more. Napoleon was anything but a lady's man, and paid them the quaintest compliments. Thus he said once to the Duchess of Chevreuil, "What splendid red hair you have!" To which the lady replied, "Very possibly, sire; but it is the first time a man has told me so." But, for all that, he had eyes for Josephine's beauty, and was ready to give up his ambitious dreams to live happy with her.

A few weeks after the honeymoon was over the ambitious dreams returned, however, with full force, and Bonaparte started for Italy, taking Eugène with him, while Hortense was sent to Madame Campan's school, where she spent several happy years with her aunt, Caroline Bonaparte, and her cousin, Stephanie de Beauharnois. When the republican general left France again for Egypt, Hortense's education was completed, and she returned home to be a consolation to her mourning mother. Napoleon's absence lasted six years, during which Hortense grew in grace and beauty, knowing no cares, and these were probably the happiest days of her eventful life.

With Napoleon's return the fate of the revolution was sealed: he moved to the Tuileries as first consul, and Josephine and Hortense became the leaders of society. Ere long she fell a victim to love's young dream: she became attached to Duroc, the consul's aide-de-camp, and her father did not object to the match. But Josephine had other views for her daughter: she knew the enmity Napoleon's brothers bore her, and resolved to seek an ally among them. This could be most easily effected by giving Hortense as wife to Louis.

After repeated solicitations, Napoleon re-

luctantly assented to the marriage, but only on condition that Duroc's sincerity should be first tested. A message was sent to the aide-de-camp through Bourrienne that Napoleon consented to his marriage with Hortense, but he would be at once expected to leave Paris, as the first consul did not care to have a son-in-law in the house. Duroc refused the alliance, and Josephine triumphed. She worked on Hortense's pride until she consented to give her hand to Louis. The young couple hardly knew each other, but Napoleon's will was law, and they went to the altar with loathing in their hearts. In his own case Napoleon had been satisfied with a civil marriage, but the marriage of Hortense had to be blessed by the Church—perhaps to render it indissoluble, for Napoleon regarded Hortense's children as his future heirs. As Providence had not blessed him with children, he was resolved to act as a father to the family his beloved step-daughter might have.

From the outset they were an unhappy couple. Hortense wept the live-long day, while her husband was gloomy and ill-tempered. She detested him for accepting her hand while knowing that she loved another; while he hated her, in his turn, for marrying him, although he had never spoken of love to her. They had both obeyed the iron will that dictated laws not only to France, but to his own family, and the conscience of compulsion rose as an insurmountable barrier between them. They made no attempt to love each other, or to find that happiness together which they were forbidden seeking elsewhere.

In their strange confidence the young people even went so far as to tell one another that they could never be lovers, but they pitied each other so sincerely, that this pity might have been converted with time into love. Louis would sit for hours by his wife's side trying to dispel the cloud on her brow, while Hortense was beginning to regard it as her most sacred duty to greet her husband kindly.

"If I give you a son," Hortense would say, with a smile, "and when he addresses you by the sweet name of father, you will forgive me for being his mother."

"And when you press your son to your heart, and feel how madly you love him," Louis said, "then you will pardon me for

being your husband, or, at any rate, no longer hate me, for I shall be the father of your beloved child."

Had they been left to themselves they might have learned to respect, even love each other, but calumny interfered. A rumor spread through Paris that Napoleon himself was the father of Hortense's child. It was expected that Napoleon would be so horrified at this foul tale that he would at once send Louis and Hortense away, and thus Josephine would once again be left defenceless. When Hortense heard this rumor, she fell insensible at her mother's feet, and not long after gave birth to a still-born child.

When Hortense again arose from her couch she sought relief in society, and in her salons the most distinguished men of France were wont to assemble. At length some degree of comfort was restored her, for at the period of the imperial coronation a son was born to her—the future heir of France. Ere long, too, and Louis became a king, but this only increased the sorrow of the ill-assorted pair. In Paris they were enabled to forget, but in Holland they would be compelled to live together. Still Louis was compelled to obey, and resolved that, as destiny compelled him to be a king, he would perform his regal duties so that they should prove a blessing to his subjects.

While in Holland, Hortense gave birth to two more boys, Napoleon Louis and Louis Napoleon, but her first-born, her darling, Napoleon Charles, died of the small-pox. This loss was too much for her: combined with her husband's irritable temper it crushed her to the earth, and she sought shelter and consolation in her mother's arms. But Josephine herself needed words of comfort to be addressed to her, for her husband had resolved on carrying his long-meditated design of a divorce, and, as Lord Castlereagh wittily remarked, "A virgin was about to be sacrificed to the Minotaur." When the dissolution of the marriage was effected, Josephine retired to Malmaison, and Hortense implored the emperor that she might be allowed to follow her example, in which wish Louis joined. But Napoleon was inexorable, and Louis returned to Holland more gloomy than ever, while Hortense by the emperor's express orders, remained in Paris for a season with her two sons. At the new

marriage festivities she held the train of Marie Louise, and was the only one of the family who did so without a murmur.

Fresh troubles were in store for Hortense: her husband, faithful to his duties as monarch, aroused the wrath of his brother, who eventually drove him from the throne because he studied the prosperity of his new country more than the interests of France. King Louis descended from his throne and retired to Gratz, in Styria, where he lived as the Count of St. Leu. But when misfortunes fell upon his brother he forgot all private feelings, and returned to Paris to cast in his lot with that of the other members of the family.

And Napoleon required assistance if he was to maintain his throne. On his return from Moscow he ordered Hortense to drown the memory of the past by brilliant balls, but the crippled, mutilated soldiers were not fitted for the joys of the revel. All Paris suffered from a foreboding of what was about to happen, and Hortense, perhaps, was the most wretched of all in that great city, for she felt that all was lost, even before the cry ran through the streets, "The Cossacks are coming!" But she could not be induced to leave Paris even when the emperor fled, and it was not till her husband threatened to tear her children from her if she remained, that she consented to join Josephine at her château of Navarre.

In her adversity, Queen Hortense had one sincere friend, the Emperor Alexander. At an early period he proceeded to Malmaison to see the two ladies, and promised to do all in his power to alleviate their fate. He it was who induced Hortense to give up her idea of emigrating to Martinique with her two boys, and remain in France. But fresh troubles were in store for her: ever since Napoleon's exile to Elba, Josephine had slowly pined away, and she received her death-blow when the Duke of Blacas proposed to remove the body of Hortense's first-born son from Notre-Dame, and place it in an ordinary cemetery.

The news of her death ran through Paris, and created a profound sensation, for Josephine had made herself generally beloved. Carriages crowded the road to Malmaison, the owners of which testified their respect to the ex-empress. Even the royalists had a word in her favor: the king's favorite, Ma-

dame du Cayla, said, for instance, "What an interesting woman was that incomparable Josephine! What kindness, tact, and moderation there was in all she did! It is exactly in accordance with good taste that she should die at this moment."

The queen had been removed almost by force to St. Leu, where Alexander spent his last evening prior to his departure for England. He gave her much good advice how to conduct herself, and, as he knew how adverse Pozzo di Borgo was to all the Napoleons, he appointed a special secretary to the embassy, through whom her letters should pass. But Hortense felt that her period of adversity had arrived, and that she would have to struggle against calumny to maintain the name of her family unstained. Her previsions did not deceive her.

Strange events occurred in Paris during the abode of Napoleon at Elba. The Bourbons seemed to have awaked from a long lethargy, and were quite astounded at finding the children they had left in arms grown up men. The king was the best of a bad lot, and did not at all stomach the homage paid to his "dear friends the enemy," as he sarcastically termed them. Still, he was dreadfully embarrassed how to treat Eugène and Hortense; the latter he tried to elevate to the rank of Duchess of St. Leu, as a plain Mademoiselle de Beauharnois, while at his interview with Eugène, he addressed him as Marshal of France. But both defeated him by their straightforwardness, and Louis XVIII. was forced to recognize the fact that somebody had ruled in France during his absence, which he would have so gladly ignored.

In other respects nothing was altered, and the old court ceremonial flourished magnificently again. Nor was impudence wanting. At one of the first dinners Louis XVIII. gave to the allies, the Duchess of Angoulême, who was sitting next to the king of Bavaria, pointed to the Grand-Duke of Baden, and said, "Is not that the prince who married a princess of Napoleon's manufacture? What weakness to ally one's self with that general!" Considering that the emperor of Austria, who sat on her other side, and the king of Bavaria were both allied to "that general," this remark displayed profound ignorance, or consummate assurance.

The worst of the whole party were the wicked old émigrés, who returned with all their vices unannealed. On one occasion the Marquis of Chimene and the Duke of Lauraguais met in the king's ante-chamber—two old heroes of that frivolous age, when the boudoir and the *petites maisons* were the battle-field, and the victor's crown was composed of myrtles instead of laurels. Alluding to some event of the ancient régime, the duke said to the marquis, in his desire to indicate the period more precisely, "It was about the year when I had my *liaison* with your wife." "Ah!" the marquis replied, with perfect equanimity, "you allude to 1776."

The king, as we said before, was the cleverest of all, and did not conceal his surprise at finding that Napoleon's generals, who had been described to him as peasants and ruffians, were as polite as his own followers. Tired of the constant squabbles, Louis withdrew into the recesses of his palace, and left the cares of government to Blacas. In his retirement he conversed with his "lady friend," a fashion which the royalists had restored. Madame du Cayla held this honorable post, and obtained the title of the "King's Snuff-box," because his majesty was fond of strewing some snuff on her round, plump shoulder, and inhaling it thence. The king rewarded her nobly. Finding that she was not well versed in the Scriptures, he gave her a copy of an illustrated edition with one hundred and fifty engravings, after Raphael. Instead of tissue paper, each cut was protected by a thousand-franc bank-note. On another occasion he gave her a copy of the "Charte," and each page was interlined with a bank-note of the same quality. But those who feel interested on this subject we may refer to the lady's "*Mémoires d'une Femme de Qualité*."

During this period, Queen Hortense resided in Paris, enjoying the society of the few friends who remained faithful to her. But her presence caused great alarm to the Legitimists, who believed that she was conspiring the return of Napoleon. Fouché, the double-faced, was at the bottom of all the intrigues against the duchess, and sowed the seeds of dissension on either side. At length Hortense felt it her duty to put a stop to all this scandal, and requested an audience of the king. She went, saw, and conquered,

for, from that time, the Desired one never ceased talking of the grace and beauty of his visitor, to such an extent that his family spitefully suggested that he had better marry her.

But Hortense had something else to think about at this moment, besides conspiring on behalf of her father. A messenger had arrived from her husband, then residing at Florence, insisting on the immediate surrender to him of her two sons. She refused, and appealed to the laws for protection. One trait, referring to this period, is noteworthy: although Hortense never paid attention to the slightest calumny affecting herself in the public press, she at once ordered an answer to be given to an insulting article directed against her husband. To do so at a moment when she was contending with him for the dearest of her possessions, is an act of magnanimity that needs no comment at our hands.

Hortense was not to be comforted even when she heard of her step-father's return from Elba, and the triumphant reception he had met with. She felt that his victory could not be permanent, and foresaw fresh troubles for herself. Still she did not swerve from her duty. As she had remained in France under the Bourbon rule for the sake of her sons, she resolved not to alter now. The emperor received her unkindly, and blamed her for having remained in France among his enemies: she merely bowed her head, and left it to time to justify her conduct. The emperor was speedily appeased, and regarded her with more affection than before.

During the Hundred Days, Hortense was really the empress, and her first act was to obtain from her father a pension for the Duchess of Orleans, mother of Louis Philippe, who had been unable to leave Paris owing to the fracture of her leg. She shortly after extended the same favor to the Duchess of Bourbon, who implored her intercession. Hortense was the queen at the Champ de Mars, and her salons were once again the resort of all the first men in France. Benjamin Constant read there his "*Adolphe*," while Talleyrand seemed to have no other occupation than inventing fresh social games to amuse the queen and the ladies assembled around her.

We need not dwell on Waterloo: suffice it to say, that Napoleon, when he made up

his mind to proceed to Rochefort and embark for America, resided for awhile at Malmaison, where he took a last farewell of Hortense and her sons. The queen handed him a belt, which she requested him to wear round his waist: he demanded what it contained, and, after long hesitation, Hortense confessed that she had sewn up her diamonds in it, which she hoped would be of use to him hereafter. At first the emperor declined to accept the costly gift, but, fearful of wounding his daughter's feelings, he made her the happiest of women—for she had been able to requite a portion of the generosity Napoleon had ever displayed towards her.

The last person the emperor saw at Malmaison was his mother, and the interview took place in the presence of Talma, who had glided in, under the disguise of a National Guard, to bid farewell to his beloved master. He has recorded for us the parting scene of mother and son, worthy of the most noble days of Sparta; how Madame Letitia stretched forth her hand, with the words, "Adieu, mon fils!" and Napoleon, after looking his mother fixedly in the face for a few seconds, said, with the stoicism of a Red Indian, "Adieu, ma mère!" and slowly quitted the room forever.

For the second time the Bourbons returned to France, but their resolve was, on this occasion, vengeance. Louis XVIII. re-entered the palace of his ancestors to punish and reward, but the idea of mercy was banished from his thoughts. His whole fury was concentrated on Hortense, whom he had been taught to regard as the head of the conspiracy that brought Napoleon back, and he requested it as a personal favor of Alexander that he should not intercede in her behalf. She was compelled to quit Paris by order of the Prussian general Von Muffling, and proceeded to Geneva, not without danger of her life. But there was no resting-place for her; the French envoy in Switzerland would not tolerate a defenceless woman so near the French frontier, and when asked whither she would proceed, she replied, in her despair, "Throw me into the lake, and there will be an end of all my troubles."

But Hortense soon regained her equanimity, and proceeded to Aix, in Savoy, where the most terrible blow that fate reserved for

her fell upon her. She had lost her cause against her husband, and had been condemned to give up to him her elder son Napoleon Louis. He sent for the boy, and Hortense surrendered him. All her hopes were thenceforward concentrated in her second son, who has attained a position which she could hardly have entreated for him in her prayers. But Louis Napoleon cannot forget how much he owes to the teaching of that devoted mother, who was his guardian angel, and sacrificed herself so repeatedly for him.

Fate at length appeared weary of persecuting the poor Duchess of St. Leu. She was allowed a few peaceful years in the canton of Thurgau, at her pleasant château of Arenenberg, but they were troubled by painful interludes. In 1821, the emperor died on the rock of St. Helena; in 1824, Hortense lost her only brother, Eugène. Nothing was then left her to love but her two sons, who prospered in health and strength, although banished from their fatherland, and compelled to lead an inactive life.

At length came the year 1830, and there seemed a chance of revenge for the Napoleons. France hurled down the throne of the Bourbons, but the nation feared the revolution too much to desire a republic. They turned their eyes to the nearest relative of the throne, and Louis Philippe gratified their pride by restoring the tricolor, which reminded them of such mighty deeds. He brought back to Paris the ashes of Napoleon, and replaced his statue on the Place Vendôme, but his nephews must still remain in banishment. For such was the sole condition on which the European powers would recognize the new king, for, as Metternich said, "it was a question of legitimacy, not to suffer a Napoleon again on the throne of France." So Louis Philippe very calmly purchased his recognition by a renewed decree of banishment against the Napoleons.

This was a terrible blow for their ambition, and the two young men resolved to try their hand elsewhere. Although separated, they kept up an eager correspondence, and when Hortense, in 1830, on her periodical visit to Rome, remained for awhile in Florence, the brothers agreed as to their future course. Louis Napoleon accompanied his

mother to Rome, and his presence was the signal for effervescence. So far did this proceed, that the papal government ordered him from the city, and the only friend who stood up for him was the envoy of Russia; we all know how Louis Napoleon repaid this act of kindness in the Crimea.

When the Italian revolution broke out in Modena, the two brothers joined the insurrectionists. Their relations were in a horrible state of suspense about them, and succeeded in getting them removed from the staff of General Menotti; but they joined the insurgents as volunteers. So soon as Hortense heard that the Austrians were on the march, she started in search of her sons, determined to save them or to die. She arrived at Pesaro, after undergoing countless difficulties, and found her sons there; but one of them lay a corpse in a village inn.

But Hortense had no time to bewail him: she must save the last joy left her. With Louis Napoleon she proceeded to Ancona, resolved to embark for Corfu, and throw herself on the mercy of the English. But that chance had to be given up, for Louis Napoleon had scarce reached Ancona ere he was attacked by small-pox, and brought to death's door. Here was a position: the Austrians were within two days' march, and Hortense could not remove her darling son under a week, said the physicians. But she did not lose her presence of mind: she sent his baggage aboard, and resolved to spread the report that he had followed. In the mean while she kept her son in the innermost apartments, and watched over him herself.

But she had a fearful week to pass through: the Austrian commander-in-chief took up his head-quarters in her palazzo, and malicious fate decreed that his sleeping apartment was next to that in which Louis Napoleon lay in the fever phantasms of the small-pox. Whenever he coughed his head was concealed under blankets, and if he spoke it must be in a whisper, through fear of arousing the suspicions of the Austrian, who had solely been prevented paying his respects to the duchess because he was led to believe that she was the patient. At length the physician declared Louis Napoleon in a fit condition to move, and Hortense made a mighty resolve. In the determination to save her son, she decided that she would

reach England through France, risking all the consequences of the rupture of her ban. She had already secured a passport through the kindness of an English nobleman, and the only chance of getting her son off was under the disguise of a footman.

They reached France, where a sentence of death awaited them, and passed their first night at Cannes. What reminiscences were connected with that place for Hortense! At Cannes it was that Napoleon landed on his return from Elba: from Cannes he started with a handful of troops on his march to Paris, which city he reached at the head of an army. Labédoyère and Ney had joined him there, and paid bitterly for yielding to their enthusiasm. What guarantee had Hortense that the same fate did not await her and her son? And yet she passed boldly on. She had been a friend to Louis Philippe's mother, and thought that gratitude might still exist in the world.

It was a melancholy pilgrimage that Hortense undertook. She showed her son Fontainebleau, which had been the scene of her father's greatest triumph and greatest humiliation. Leaning on her son's arm, and wearing a thick veil lest any one should recognize her, the queen surveyed the appointments of the rooms, which were just the same as the imperial family had left them. What a reminiscence must it have been for Hortense when she entered the little chapel in which the mighty Napoleon had held the son, on whose arm she now leaned, over the baptismal font! Could the poor deserted widow believe that this son was once again to perpetuate the glories of Napoleonistic France? Perhaps so; for what will not mothers believe of their sons, though the latter rarely carry out the Alnaschar visions which every parent forms of her child?

Well, the pair arrived in Paris, and Hortense's first care was to apprise Louis Philippe of her arrival. What a fearful fright the poor old gentleman was in at the news! He could not crush the evil in the bud: he had not the heart to cut heads off: he was altogether too jolly a monarch to deal with a pair of conspirators such as he assumed Hortense and her son to be. And such, perhaps, they were, but it is impossible to say. Mamma behaved with the utmost propriety, and her son was most unfortunately taken ill just at the moment. It was im-

possible to turn them out of France, but whenever they could make it convenient, and so on. The king of course saw the Duchess of St. Leu, and, with his tongue in his cheek, debited the most pleasant compliments. It is easy to imagine the agreeable way in which he accosted the fugitive. "Lord bless you,"—or the French equivalent—"I know what exile is, and it won't depend on me if yours is not alleviated." Of course he assured the queen that the sentence of exile against the Napoleons lay like a stone on his heart, and he magnanimously added, that the time was not far distant when the mere idea of banishment would be unknown in his kingdom.

Hortense listened to all this somewhat in the fashion of a spendthrift who has taken a bill for discount to a Jew who holds his mortgage deeds, and yet she believed his promises. And the only result she obtained was that Louis Napoleon would be permitted to remain in France if he would change his name, but not a word about the owing money. But this Louis Napoleon thought a little too much: he at once agreed with his mother that the sooner they left France, for their honor and safety the better.

In England the mother and son were com-

paratively happy, for all the first society of the land welcomed them. Had Hortense wished it, she might have been again a queen—that of fashion—but she had a stern resolve, which she was determined to follow. She would not compromise her son in any way: and she was in the right, for the Duchess of Berry was at that period in Bath, and could not believe but that a Napoleon must be intriguing in behalf of her son. So great however, was the excitement her public appearance aroused among the crowned heads, that Hortense resolved to return to her pleasant Arenenberg. For this purpose she asked leave to pass through France, which was granted, and the couple visited most of the spots memorable in Napoleon's history.

At Arenenberg, Hortense rested from her sufferings, and spent a few comparatively happy years. Here she wrote the affecting account of her travels through Italy, France, and England, from which we have derived most of the previous details. In 1837, Hortense, the flower of the Napoleonides, died, wearied of her life, her misfortunes, and the exile in which she pined away. She bowed her head and went home to the great dead—to Napoleon and Josephine.

THE boa constrictor in the Museum of Natural History in Paris, resolving at last to follow the example of its English brother, has swallowed its blanket.

It appears that the boa, which is a very fine specimen, nearly eleven feet long, had eaten a large rabbit on the 22d August, and that a similar meal generally is sufficient for several days; on this occasion, however,—we presume the rabbit was exceedingly tender, and that

"Increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on;"

it did not prove so, for on the 25th the blanket was gone: twenty-six days after, on the 20th ultimo, the keeper perceived that the reptile was making great attempts to vomit, and that this strange indigestible meal was on its return journey; he held it, therefore, as soon as projected from the mouth; and the boa, seeing, as it were, his intention, wound itself round the branch placed in its cage, to obtain a proper "purchase," and was rid of it in seven or eight minutes.

The blanket thus recovered was spindle-shaped, nearly five feet long, and rather over four inches in diameter in its widest part; having undergone the great pressure of the oesophagus, it formed a kind of interior mould of this long portion of the digestive tube.

M. Duméril, who has reported the circumstance to the Academy of Sciences, concludes from a minute examination of the blanket, which has been placed in alcohol, and is now publicly exhibited, that its widest part rested in the sac of the stomach, while one extremity extended to the pyloric region, as to it adheres a small portion of the fur of the rabbit previously swallowed, on which the action of the gastric juice had commenced to show itself. The other extremity was lodged in the oesophagus.

The boa has quite recovered from the effects of its strange meal.—*London Weekly Review*.

MONSTER PHOTOGRAPHIC LENS.—Perhaps the largest lens in the world has just been completed by Mr. Dallmeyer for the government establishment at South Kensington. It is a triple achromatic combination of sixty inches focal length, for the production of pictures three feet square. It consists of three combinations—the front and back being of six and eight inches diameter respectively, whilst the diameter of the central or negative combination is four inches in diameter.—*London Weekly Review*.

HOME-MADE GAS.—A SIMPLE PROCESS.

A VALUABLE improvement in the manufacture of gas, involving, indeed, a new idea, has recently been made known in London by Mr. Leslie, already the author of several new contrivances in that branch of industry, and the inventor of the powerful gas-burner which goes by his name. It has hitherto been the custom in the manufacture of gas from coal and other bituminous substances to subject them to the process of destructive distillation at a high temperature, by which means a large quantity of permanent gas is evolved, which is then subsequently purified. This necessitates the carriage up to the metropolitan gas-works of immense quantities of useless material, in addition to the real gas making constituent of the coal, and also renders it necessary for the companies to have large and expensive works in the heart of London, where the process of purification, with its concomitant evil of half poisoning the neighborhood by the sickening odor with which they are surrounded, is obliged to be carried on.

Mr. Leslie's plan is to divide the process of gas-making into two distinct branches. The first operation is to be carried on at the collieries, where coal is cheap, labor plentiful, and an acre or two more or less covered by the works of little consequence. Here the refuse coal, which is now completely wasted at the pit's mouth, is to be submitted to distillation at a low temperature in revolving cylinders, heated externally by a fire. The revolution of the retorts causes the small lumps of coal to be constantly kept in motion, and prevents one portion becoming hotter than any other.

Thus all the products are distilled off in a liquid state, and are condensed in suitable vessels, which are kept cool by water. Care is taken to keep down the temperature of the rotating retort to as low a point as practicable, in order to prevent the production of gas, which will not condense, the object being to obtain only fluid hydro carbon-oils by the first process of distillation. The oils so obtained may then be submitted to purification from the nitrogenous and sulphur compounds which are so fruitful a source of complaint when they find their way into illuminating gas; and we need scarcely say that it is far easier to remove all the nitrogen and sulphur from a gallon of this oil

than from the one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet of gas, of which it is the representative. When the oil has been properly prepared and purified from all deleterious substances, Mr. Leslie proposes that it should be conveyed up to London, or wherever else it may be needed, to be converted into gas. These works need only consist of a few retorts and a gas-holder or two, all the complicated machinery now needed for the purification being rendered unnecessary. The retort being heated to redness, a little of the oil is allowed to flow into it, when instantly it is converted into permanent gas, and carried through a pipe into the gas-holder of the ordinary construction, from which the illuminating gas is supplied to the mains as heretofore.

The patentee calculates that a ton of good coal will yield one hundred and sixty-eight gallons of the hydro-carbon fluid. Now one hundred and sixty-eight gallons is almost exactly one cubic yard, and as each gallon is estimated to yield almost instantaneously one hundred and twenty-eight cubic feet of gas, we have thus twenty-one thousand five hundred and four cubic feet of gas from one hundred and sixty-eight gallons, the material for the production of which only occupying the space of one cubic yard.

In one experiment which Mr. Leslie exhibited a short time since, two and a half pounds of Boghead coal were placed in a retort, which was kept revolving over a slow fire, at a temperature scarcely exceeding that of melting lead. Owing to the low temperature and the rotation of the retort, no gas was produced, but the constituents were all evolved in the liquid form. In a short time the two and a half pounds of coal had yielded one and a half pints of hydro-carbon fluid, leaving three-fourths of a pound of coke in the retort. When the flow of oil ceased, it was conveyed to a red-hot iron retort, into which the fluid was poured by means of a funnel. Immediately, as if by magic, the gas-holder, which was in connection with the retort, began to rise, and within a minute and a half twenty-five cubic feet of gas had come into the holder. The luminosity of this gas was then subjected to accurate measurement by means of a photometer. Those of our readers who are acquainted with the technicalities of gas-testing will understand what brilliancy and value

it possessed when we state that it equalled twenty sperm candles when burning at the rate of only four feet per hour.

This progress promises to effect a complete revolution in the manufacture of gas. It will be brought up to the customers in a highly condensed and purified form. This can be stowed away in any quantity for future use, and can be sold for private consumption, and for the supply of small villages, gentlemen's seats, railway stations, shipping, or other purposes, where it is preferred to make gas on the spot as it is wanted. All that would then be needed for the immediate production of ten, fifty, a thousand, or a million cubic feet of gas would be to draw off the proper quantity of fluid, and allow it to drop

into one or more red-hot retorts, connected with a gas-holder of the proper size.

The manipulation is so easy, and the necessary apparatus so simple, that there would really be no reason why every private family should not make their own gas. As it grew dusk it would only be necessary to tell the kitchen maid to put a small iron bottle in the fire, and when this was red-hot, the master, instead of turning the gas on at the main, as at present, would have to pour half a pint or a pint of oil into the retort, when his gas-holder will be filled with enough gas for the night's consumption, at a mere nominal expense, and of a purity and brilliancy hitherto unattainable.

Two or three instances of the perforation of lead by insects have recently been brought under the notice of French naturalists. In one case, as happened in the Crimea during the Russian war, the balls in several packets of cartridges had been rendered utterly useless; and in the other, sheets of lead one-sixth of an inch thick, covering a wooden post, have been bored by the insect in its endeavors to quit its imprisonment in the wood, where it had been deposited in its larval state.

The eminent naturalist, M. Milne Edwards, has presented a most interesting report on this subject to the Academy, from which it appears that the delinquent in the case of the ball-cartridges is the *Sirex gigas*, a large species of hymenopterous insect, having four membranous wings like the bee, and living in the interior of old trees or logs of wood, whence, having undergone its changes, it makes its way to fulfil the end of its existence ere it dies.

M. Duméril, on the occasion of a similar circumstance in 1857, stated that these perforations were made by the ovipositor of the females, an instrument supplied them for the purpose of boring holes in which to deposit their eggs. M. M. Edwards proves this statement to be erroneous, for in some instances the male insect, which is not thus furnished, has committed the depredations; and furthermore, whenever one has been caught *in flagrante delicto*, the head has always been presented to the part being gnawed. This action is due to the mandibles, therefore; and M. M. Edwards thinks that the same is the case with the coleopterous gnawing insects.

It is not always the desire of liberty which leads to this action, as sometimes the outsides of similar bodies have been treated in the same manner. In a note recently published by Dr. Berti, curious observations are made on some leaden pipes perforated by the *Apate humeralis*. It would appear, owing to the instinct of the

insect being at fault, in mistaking the metal for wood, in which its eggs are ordinarily deposited.

The history of insects offers us many examples of the kind. We would refer to the charming book by Kirby and Spence, for proof of this. M. Edwards cites as another example, that some flies, deceived by the fetid odor of certain plants (*Arum muscivorum*, Lin.), laid their eggs in the cups of the flowers instead of depositing them in bodies in a state of putrefaction, as their instincts lead them generally to do.—*London Weekly Review*.

"In the interests of international courtesy and honor," writes a correspondent who professes to have published tales, "do I call your attention to a recent instance of a bad, gone-by fashion of translation,—and this in no less classical and doctrinary a periodical than the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. There M. Forgues professes to introduce the strange American snake-romance of Dr. Holmes, 'Elsie Venner.' Our French readers are hereby warned that the deed is done in the most arbitrary fashion of outline. It is not merely that episodic scenes (such as some of the humorous ones, which appear tedious on this side of the Atlantic) are sacrificed and concentrated: important incidents are omitted or slurred over, and characters are thrown to a faint and vaporous distance, which, in the original, stand out as essential supports to the principal figure. I will but instance that of the negress, faithful unto death to the fearful and melancholy semi-human creature she watches over. In these days, when invention is so scarce, it is not fair that one so thoroughly peculiar and rivetting as that of the novel in question should be thus tampered with in a publication of such authority."—*Athenæum*.

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